Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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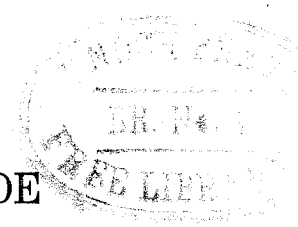

THE GERMAN ATTITUDE

"ANYTHING" FOR AMERICA!

BY THE EDITOR

Orderly: "MAJESTÄT, HERE IS STILL ANOTHER NOTE FROM THAT AMERICAN PRESIDENT."

"ANSWER IT YOURSELF, FRITZ."

"WHAT SHALL I SAY, MAJESTÄT?"

"OH, ANYTHING."—*Life.*

AND "anything" it has been since the first American citizen was killed by a German submarine six months ago. "Anything" it seems likely to continue so long as our Government adheres to its conciliatory course and our people maintain their unexampled patience. Germany, in a word, is incorrigible.

What, then, is to be done? To argue that different conduct on the part of our Government would have wrought more satisfactory results avails nothing. Nor do we believe that such a contention could be sustained by evidence. Mr. Roosevelt's insistence that the Nation would have been spared its present humiliation if our action from the beginning had been more forceful may find warrant in the existing condition, but that is judging after the event. We could not at the time and cannot now see that President Wilson

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erred in judgment or failed in performance at any stage of the proceedings, in the light of information then possessed.

Surely it is going too far to say, as Mr. Roosevelt says, that "for thirteen months the United States has played an ignoble part among the nations." Methods may prove to have been mistaken and futile, but there is nothing "ignoble" in the exercise of tolerance towards a distracted neighbor who hitherto has been our friend. Nor is there anything unworthy in striving through appeals to reason instead of by dire threatenings for a clear understanding which should make for peace between great peoples. It is not true, moreover, that "the President has been given ample time to act rightly, and he has either not acted at all or has acted wrongly." On the contrary, he has made unmistakably plain, to Germany and to the world, the grounds upon which America bases her irrefragable rights as a neutral nation, and the strength of his position in each instance has been enhanced, not impaired, by the dispassionateness and friendliness of his presentation. And when the proper time came he did "suit the action to the word," as we implored him to do, in a manner wholly befitting the honor and dignity of the Nation. The demand for the recall of the Austrian Ambassador was a model, not only in substance and in form, but also of combined promptitude and restraint. It marked, we hope and trust, the ending of a temporizing policy which, though in itself defensible, has proved ineffectual.

The one vital fact which should concern the Administration at this juncture is that, while deprecating as too severe Mr. Roosevelt's criticisms of the President, a great majority of the American people accord with his conclusion that the limit of patience has been reached. They are wearied of the ceaseless prattle from Washington of the gratification of "high officials" over the relaxing of "tension" and prospective "concessions" from the Imperial Government. There would be no "tension" if Germany would respect our rights, observe the laws of civilized warfare and cease interfering with our domestic affairs. And we seek no "concessions" in extenuation of criminal offenses. Germany is a self-confessed murderer of helpless American men, women and children. Because our Government, in its anxiety to avert the calamity of war, has gone to the extreme in suggesting excuses which might obtain diplomatic acceptance if accompanied by promises of better conduct, it does not

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follow that our people have forgotten or forgiven or ever will forget or perhaps forgive the infamy of the *Lusitania.*

That our Government, for reasons which may or may not be deemed sufficient, after five long months, does still, in the absence of disavowal of any kind, "omit any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty," must be accounted a marvelous example of public patience. And yet, so far from appreciating the extent of our forbearance, if not indeed in consequence of it, the Imperial Government continues its wanton massacre of innocents.

The crime of the *Arabic* is so fresh in mind that it need hardly be recalled; but the recollection must not be dimmed. Our Government had written that "repetition *by the commanders of German naval vessels* of acts in contravention of these rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens," as *deliberately unfriendly*—i.e., a cause of war. The sinking of the *Arabic* fulfilled to the letter all of the conditions which President Wilson had postulated. The vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast without warning. She was outward bound and carried neither munitions nor specie. She made no effort to ram the enemy vessel, or to escape from it. The submarine itself was not even seen from the bridge of the liner. The first indication that the officers on the *Arabic* had of its presence was when they saw a torpedo coming straight for them. Beyond putting the helm hard over they made and could make no defense. Their ship had no mounted guns on board, nor was she in any way disguised. Forty English persons and several Americans perished.

And what said Germany? First, that there was every reason to believe that the ship struck a mine; secondly, that the truth could not be ascertained because the submarine operating in that vicinity had not reported and might be lost; *but,* thirdly and finally, that the submarine had returned and that its commander had done the very deed which President Wilson had declared would be regarded by the United States as "deliberately unfriendly." The Imperial Government admitted the fact in these words:

> When the *Arabic* approached she altered her original course, but then again pointed directly toward the submarine. From this the commander became convinced that the steamer had the intention of attacking and ramming him. In order to anticipate this attack he

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gave orders for the submarine to dive and fired a torpedo at the steamer. After firing, he convinced himself that the people on board were being rescued in fifteen boats.

The falsity of this statement is established by the proved fact that the ship was struck on her side about ninety feet forward of the stern and consequently could not have been headed towards the submarine. How the commander "convinced himself" that the passengers were being rescued can only be imagined; presumably the forty who were drowned are still unconvinced. The amazing declaration continues:

According to his instructions the commander was not allowed to attack the *Arabic* without warning and without saving the lives unless the ship attempted to escape or offered resistance. He was forced, however, to conclude from the attendant circumstances that the *Arabic* planned a violent attack on the submarine.

There is no pretense that warning was given or that an attempt was made to save lives or that the ship either tried to escape or offered resistance. The only excuse assigned is "the attendant circumstances that the *Arabic* planned a violent attack on the submarine"—which is a lie. Nevertheless, adds the Imperial Government:

This conclusion is all the more obvious as he had been fired upon at a great distance in the Irish Sea on Aug. 14—that is, a few days before—by a large passenger steamer apparently belonging to the British Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which he had neither attacked nor stopped.

How a false conclusion can be rendered "all the more obvious" by reference to the alleged conduct of another vessel in another place at another time or what bearing the incident, if it ever happened, had upon the movements of the *Arabic,* the reader's mind may be able to comprehend; ours is not. The puerile absurdity of the whole fabrication is not only apparent upon its face, but is tacitly conceded by the Imperial Government itself when it says:

The German Government is unable, however, to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic.

In other words, regardless of his instructions, each commander is a law unto himself and may make all the "mistakes" he likes without incurring rebuke or imposing upon his Government any responsibility or "obligation to grant

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indemnity." If this declaration, put forth in response to the President's designation of these very acts by "commanders of German naval vessels" as a virtual cause of war is not arrogant defiance gone mad, we know not how to define it. But we must not overlook the final magnanimous "concession," to wit:

> If it should prove to be the case that it is impossible for the German and American Governments to reach a harmonious opinion on this point, the German Government would be prepared to submit the difference of opinion, as being a question of international law, to The Hague Tribunal for arbitration.
>
> In so doing, it assumes that, as a matter of course, the arbitral decision shall not be admitted to have the importance of a general decision on the permissibility or the converse under international law of German submarine warfare.

Nobody as yet has been able to determine what it is that the Imperial Government is prepared to submit to arbitration; the only certainty seems to be a preliminary condition that no "arbitral decision" against itself shall be considered binding—an arrangement quite in keeping with its uniform attitude respecting international law since the invasion of Belgium.

"Oh, nothing!" apparently was the answer decreed by Majestät respecting the futile attempt to sink the *Orduna,* bearing American passengers, as no official statement has been forthcoming since the attack was made nearly three months ago. "Anything," however, will, we suspect, be resuscitated to meet the President's inquiries respecting the sinking without warning of the *Hesperian* just two days after the German Ambassador solemnly promised our trusting State Department "Never Again!"

And what a variety of explanations "Anything" comprises! The *Lusitania* was destroyed because she bore munitions of war to the enemy. But the *Hesperian* was bound west and, of course, bore no munitions. Well, then, it is declared unofficially, she probably struck a mine—quite *probably,* ninety miles out at sea—and, anyhow, she was armed; i.e., she carried the one small gun to which a merchantman is entitled by international law, unrevised by Germany. The *Arabic,* too, was outward bound, bore no munitions and carried no gun. But she had a bow and therefore might make "a violent attack" upon a sacred submarine. The *Orduna* could not have been suspected of

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trying to ram because the torpedo passed her astern. True, but the weather was bad and the commander could not see very well; so he blazed away on general principles. As for the American ships *Nebraskan* and *Gulflight*, excuse *us*, "mistakes"; very sorry; shall regret if the like happens again. And so on. Subterfuge after subterfuge strung like Frankfurter sausages on a string and dangled before our eyes with the truculent intimation, "What are you going to do about it? Take it or leave it!"

But at last, we hear from Washington, the skies are again clearing. A new peacemaker has arisen, a greater than Bryan—none other than the Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, once Ambassador from Germany, but now we should judge recognized by both Governments as a quite disinterested and nobly conscientious intermediary. Although deprived temporarily at least of the valuable counsel of his colleague, Dr. K. Theodor Dumba, who has reluctantly suggested to his Government his need of a holiday, it is quite evident that the able Minister is making distinct progress in his new role of arbiter between Germany and the United States. His first task obviously was to win the favor and confidence of our Government. This was easy. All he had to do was to assure the State Department that no more "liners" would be destroyed wantonly by German submarines, thus evoking pæans of praise for the glorious diplomatic triumph of our Administration.

Germany promptly confirmed the arrangement in her own peculiar way by sinking the *Arabic*, but the versatile intermediary was in no wise disconcerted by this mere circumstance. Returning to the State Department, where again he was most cordially welcomed, he volunteered his most distinguished services in our behalf, even going so far as to promise his best endeavors to induce the Imperial Government to treat our Government more leniently than had theretofore seemed compatible with the dignity of a really first-class Power. His gracious offer of assistance having been accepted with due gratitude, the Count at this writing is negotiating with the Imperial Government, with which thus far he has had less success than with ours. His hopes of achievement rest upon a change of method. Hitherto, acting as their Ambassador, he has been considerate to the verge of humbleness, but now, as arbiter, he lets it be known that he shall address them quite sternly. Simultaneously, in

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order to maintain a perfect balancing of the scales, he serves notice upon our Government through an unauthorized but authentic interview that a request for his recall for any reason would produce war forthwith. So here we are again, as usual, waiting hopefully, if not watchfully, at the gates of the German Embassy.

It is not a gratifying situation; it is, in fact, humiliating beyond measure of precedent and almost beyond bearance. And yet we cannot see that the President should be held at fault. He adopted at the outset and with full approval of the country a policy designed to keep us out of the conflict at almost any cost and he has pursued that policy, under the most trying conditions, with notable skill. He had no reason to suspect that Germany had suddenly been bereft of both conscience and intelligence. She was supposed to be as civilized, as law-abiding and as humane as other nations. That she should prove herself a barbarian and an outlaw no seer could have surmised. It is to our mind greatly to President Wilson's credit that, throughout the heart-breaking disillusionment, he has persisted in opposing to unexpected brutality and duplicity his own and his country's perfect good faith. So we beg him to continue, but with the greater resolution now become requisite and with realization that the patience of the people, which already has passed understanding, is exhausted.

If the Count von Bernstorff shall fail in his present professed endeavor to reconcile the acts of the German navy to his own solemn pledges as the representative of the Imperial Government, his usefulness as an envoy to this country will be at an end and his recall should be demanded. If the war threatened by the Count von Bernstorff shall be forced upon us by Germany, after this most notable instance of forbearance known to the history of this or any other self-respecting nation, let it come. We have been duped long enough.

When the Prophet had spoken—

"Peace, peace, when there is no peace!" he added:

"Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore shall they fall."

And so we say now. No war of Israel was so righteous as that which is being waged at this moment for Freedom of

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the World. None, of course, was so terrible, none so ghastly, none so heavily laden with menace to mankind if sentiment or weakness should compel a peace in name which would be only a truce in fact. Be it for months or for years, the mighty struggle must continue until the curse of ages shall be lifted and the triumph of Democracy over Autocracy shall be complete. Then and not till then will Europe be immune to war's alarms and America be free from peril. If we would be true to our own republican faith, we cannot keep too constantly before the minds of our countrymen the fact that the overpowering issue is between Government subject to the will of the people and Imperialism founded upon force. And if we must fight, we shall have at least the satisfaction of standing shoulder to shoulder with democratic England and with the gallant sons of France in the most holy of wars for civilization and humanity, and of realizing that the cries of the dying did not rise from the sinking ships to Heaven and to America in vain.

We remembered the *Maine*. God forbid that we should forget the *Lusitania!*

SWASHBUCKLER OR SCHOLAR!

SHALL OR SHALL NOT O. G. V. SUCCEED COLONEL EDWARD MAKEPEACE HOUSE AS ASSISTANT PRESIDENT?

AUGUST 29, 1915, will live long in the annals of American history as the day on which the public was startled by a report that Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of the New York *Evening Post,* had been appointed Assistant President, succeeding Colonel Edward Makepeace House, deposed for inexcusable frowardness. Happily the disquieting announcement, although conveyed by the Chicago *Tribune* with impressive verisimilitude, was nullified to a degree by internal evidences of inexactness. Even we, for example, were aware that, while the *Tribune* may have been technically correct in saying that the President had "never tendered Colonel House a public office," he might have become Secretary of the Treasury and would in all probability have assumed the burden but for the fact that his stomach at the time was out of order. The further assertion that the President's favorable opinion of Colonel House's judgment suffered a sharp relapse when, contrary to his own observation if not experience, the Colonel proclaimed the fitness of a schoolmaster

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to be President (of Mexico), seemed not incredible; and yet one could hardly believe that his influence had "vanished entirely" in consequence of a single unhappy suggestion.

In any case, we noted with satisfaction Secretary Tumulty's prompt and emphatic denial of the report as "rot." Language such as this, while perhaps not conforming strictly to established official usage, leaves little room for misinterpretation, especially when subsequently confirmed, as in this instance, by a further declaration by the Secretary to the effect that he was "authorized by the President to say that the story was false and malicious and the man who wrote it knew it was false and malicious when he wrote it." Thus every conceivable doubt was effectually dispelled, despite the obvious difficulty of determining with certainty the object of the malevolence so crudely and cruelly manifested.

Colonel House's own attitude, one need hardly add, was characteristically exemplary. "Interesting if true," he telegraphed to the *Evening Sun*. "Important if true," the *World* quoted him; probably inaccurately, since the phrase hardly comports with a character whose most noteworthy attribute is lack of assumption. Nevertheless, the record is clear and unmistakable. Diplomatically in any event and actually in all likelihood there is no estrangement. This is as it should be. The time is approaching rapidly when all true Democrats should and probably will hang together.

Some months have elapsed since we recorded the initial activities of Mr. Villard in shaping the international policies of the Administration. We registered at the time our approval of his untiring endeavors in the interest of peace on earth and good-will to all men except William Jennings Bryan. But we felt that he had finished his work when he achieved the withdrawal or removal, whichever it was, of the Chautauquan Secretary, desk and all. It was with no little apprehension, therefore, that we beheld him returning to the scene of his first triumph. Although nominally a pacifist, Mr. Villard is essentially a militant spirit, such as has no fitting place at the present time in Washington, and his advent presaged trouble. Whether he really aspired to the high position hitherto held by Colonel House by possessing himself of the key to the kitchen door or was only patriotically disposed to put his conscience at the disposal of the Administration we cannot say because we do not know. We assume, however, that the *Springfield Republican* was speak-

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ing *ex cathedra* when, after recording the denial from the White House that Mr. Villard had really "supplanted" Colonel House as "President Wilson's chief unofficial adviser," it said:

> No attempt, however, was made to deny the statement that Villard has become a potent factor in the presidential councils. The general belief was that while the editor had gained a great measure of the chief executive's confidence, he had done so without superseding House or anyone else. Some attention was attracted by the fact that following publication of the story of a "break" between House and the president and of the establishment of close relations between the president and Villard, the latter failed to appear at the White House yesterday morning in accordance with his usual custom to report happenings there personally for his newspaper.

To Mr. Villard's slightly ostentatious absence from the regular morning conference we attached at first blush but little significance; it seemed to evidence not more nor less than pleasing, though sporadic, tact. But presently there appeared a cause of Mr. Villard's premeditated absenteeism in a rumor that he was prevented from attending the conference by the press of the new unofficial duties which he had already undertaken. On August 30 the *Globe's* Washington correspondent referred casually to "the *fact* that it was Mr. Villard who suggested the rebuking of General Wood;" whereupon the *Herald's* correspondent, under a hurry call from the home office, demanded an explanation from the Secretary of War. While naturally not admitting that he had been subjected to undue or hypnotic influence, Mr. Garrison frankly admitted that Mr. Villard, the pleasure of whose acquaintance had not been his theretofore, had indeed come to his office one morning and "made inquiries about General Wood's conduct." Whether it was the morning of the conference we have no means of ascertaining, but if so it is quite clear that Mr. Villard's noticeable absence reflected only credit upon his sense of duty. The *Herald* reported further that it was "admitted at the White House that the President looked upon Mr. Villard with favor, but that his influence was not what could be called overwhelming"—surely a prudent and restrained declaration, and yet sufficiently explicit to warrant grave consideration.

We turn logically then from mere rumors to Mr. Villard's own self-authorized utterances over the signature "O. G. V." in the *Evening Post*. And the very first headline we chance

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upon is, of all things imaginable, "Rumors of Changes in Wilson's Cabinet." The member chiefly concerned is not, as some might hope, Josephus, but Mr. Garrison, who is coming to be known, somewhat to the rasping, we suspect, of Mr. Villard's tranquillizing sensibilities, as the "War Secretary." To the best of our information nobody, prior to the publication of this article, had suggested so much as a possibility of Mr. Garrison retiring from the Cabinet,—and Mr. Villard, of course, does not reveal the source of his inspiration. That some persons might be inquisitive along this line is readily imagined, but for ourselves we should regard undue insistence, in the delicate circumstances now existing and while the tension between Messrs. House and Villard continues unresolved, as the height of impropriety. Moreover, that which interests us most in O. G. V.'s speculation is the cleverness of its presentation and the subtlety of its suggestion. Mr. Villard's great and good friend, the Count von Bernstorff himself, could hardly have done better.

After noting that "so far the Secretary has shown no disposition to look with favor upon the proposal [whose proposal?] that he run either for Governor or Senator," Mr. Villard shrewdly observes:

> But a man who has made a popular success like Secretary Garrison cannot always control his future. Politicians, too, have a way of devising ingenious snares. Thus, what will the Secretary say next year if it is represented to him that the President must carry his own State, that the Secretary only can carry it, and that it is the Secretary's loyal duty to the party which made him and gave him his great opportunity here to enter the lists?

The inaptness of an intimation that the President may not be able to carry his own State, even with the efficient aid, recently pledged, of the Honorable James Smith, Jr., is so obvious that an inference of underlying purpose is unescapable. And listen further:

> What would he say if there is held out to him, in addition, the bait of an appointment to the United States Supreme Court in case he is defeated and the opportunity offers? Will he be beyond the flattery of the suggestion that in 1920 the party will be looking for a new national leader; and that the easiest way to the Presidency is to be a successful Governor of New Jersey, as President Wilson showed?

It was ever thus. "Again, the devil taketh him up into

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an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;" again, moreover, to no avail, since the Secretary promptly bade the Tempter through the public prints to get behind him. Nevertheless, the seed is sown and we shall await the harvest of the coming session with more than casual interest.

Mr. Villard speaks more plainly of the pompous Secretary of Commerce. He does not hesitate to declare bluntly that "Mr. Redfield took a wrong attitude from the beginning" in the Eastland case, even going so far as to say meaningly to a witness, "I understand that you are guilty of having a son-in-law,"—a curiously maladroit accusation, as all must admit, in view of the domestic relationship to the Administration of the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury. "Naturally," remarks Mr. Villard, "these reports have not gratified the supporters of the Administration who fear that the case may yet get into Congress and prove a sort of minor Ballinger matter." It seems, too, that Mr. Redfield "has been unfortunate in the matter of vacations." He was away in August when questions of neutrality arose affecting his Department and—this is news—"it took a sharp word"—from somebody—"to bring him back." The article concludes:

> He has now gone back to his vacation which the Eastland disaster so unkindly interrupted. But people are none the less speculating as to what will happen when he returns to Washington and reports to his official superior as to what took place in Chicago.
>
> O. G. V.

Well, so be it. Mr. Redfield may not, as he declares quite vehemently, have "the slightest intention of resigning," but if by chance he should happen to find a blue envelope upon his breakfast table some morning we are bound to say that we could contemplate the irresistible consequence with equanimity.

When we note further that the *Evening Post* on September 2 began a fervid editorial defense of Josephus with the compassionate adjuration, "Pity the Poor Navy Department," we feel that we have said enough to convince any fair mind of the zeal with which Mr. Villard began to perform.

Another chapter is required for the recounting of Colonel House's placid, though nimble, activities from the day when,

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after striving in vain to achieve, first, the nomination of Senator Culberson and, secondly, of Mayor Gaynor, he went to Europe and returned only in the nick of time to acquiesce in the result. It suffices for the present to observe that he has proved himself to be the most accomplished mind-reader of the present generation.

Mr. Villard is different. Indeed, the striking dissimilarity of the two human natures renders comparison exceedingly difficult. Mr. Villard began life as a student in Germany while Colonel House was raised a swashbuckler in Texas. We often think of him as busting bronchos and galloping madly after refractory steers. Whether or not it be a fact that he first won the admiration of Mr. Bryan by shooting off a whimsical tuft of hair without breaking a bone in the Commoner's head, there can be no question of the far accuracy of his vision. If our memory is not at fault, it was this very quality that evoked the President's rarely bestowed praise while he was constructing what is politely termed a Cabinet. Mr. Wilson was impressed greatly by the way in which Colonel House "held the candidates at arm's-length" and looked them over appreciatively but critically. What he did not happen to notice at the time perhaps was that he could not seem to see anything this side of Texas, where his eye lit unerringly and rested lovingly upon Burleson and Houston and Gregory and our Minister to Guatemala and Duval West and so many others now upholding the public service in Washington and elsewhere that counting would tire the mind. Mr. Villard, on the other hand, is so near-sighted that often when lunching at the Shoreham he seems not to perceive that his table companion is the Count von Bernstorff, with whom a prudent unofficial counsellor might hesitate to consort "in intimate fashion," after the President's own kindly manner with Secretary Daniels.

Exteriorly the disparity between the two is not great. Neither lacks pulchritude in moderation. Although we have never observed the resemblance so commonly remarked, of Colonel House to an undertaker, one may not deny that Mr. Villard is by far the more sprightly in both appearance and manner. But it does not follow that within he is a whit less earnest or conscientious. Indeed, he has often seemed to us as one recently bereaved bravely smiling while his heart is breaking. Per contra, Colonel House's serene countenance invariably radiates the contentment of one who is at peace

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with all the world. Probably no existing joints are better oiled than his. Mr. Villard is anything but boisterous, and yet, compared with Colonel House, he is as a herd of enraged elephants in a boiler factory. We well recall how, before an estrangement was rumored, it became almost a habit on the President's part to turn his head in the perfect stillness of the night and smilingly remark, " Why, Colonel, are you there? " and hear the gentle rejoinder, " Oh, yes, I've been here some time." Mr. Villard couldn't do that; he has too many convictions constantly struggling for modest but firm expression.

Of the two we should say that Mr. Villard is the more demonstrative in appreciation of superlative mental and moral capacity. We liked especially the unbridled enthusiasm with which, immediately following Mr. Tumulty's official announcement that he was regarded " with favor," he broke both tradition and column rules and printed the President's portrait—the far-seeing, statesmanlike one, not, of course, the one holding the baby—upon the chaste front page of the *Evening Post* and labelled it in types worthy of the *Evening Journal:*

THIS IS THE MAN

who, without rattling a sword, without mobilizing a corporal's guard of soldiers or lifting the anchor of a warship, won for civilization

THE GREATEST DIPLOMATIC VICTORY OF GENERATIONS.

The occasion was the " complete surrender " of Germany to exclusively moral force exerted in support of an ideal policy. " The Great Triumph," Mr. Villard editorially pronounced the outcome of our persistently polite diplomatic correspondence, simultaneously and somewhat chidingly remarking that " Were the public and our city officials truly alive to the significance of the tremendous moral victory won by the President, flags would be flying from every building and bells would be pealing from every church tower in this city to-day." Whether or not the Mayor, if present, would have acted upon Mr. Villard's suggestion we shall never know because he was in camp at Plattsburg at the time play-

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ing soldier and hearkening to Our Colonel. It does not matter. The point is that Colonel House would never have advocated such manifestations of jubilance so early in the morning. He would have scrutinized closely and even perhaps have viewed askance the Count von Bernstorff's fair-seeming but sleazy promises and would have waited to hear from headquarters before deciding whether the bells should be pealed or tolled. At this writing there appears to be some doubt along this line,—but that is neither there nor here. What we wish to emphasize is the temperamental prudence of the swashbuckler as contrasted with the precipitancy of the scholar.

Passing now from personal and political to public considerations, we would direct particular attention to the claims of journalism. The withdrawal of Mr. Villard from his profession or even his hamstringing, which seems to have begun, would involve a grave loss to this community, for the reason that the most distinctive and best selling feature of the *Evening Post* is wholly of his personal making. We refer, of course, to the fascinating department headed "Newspaper Waifs." Grover Cleveland, whose name may be recalled by high officials with or without emotion, once remarked to the writer of these lines that he was cheered daily by perusal of that corner of the paper. Our recollection is that he added that that was the only part he read,—but never mind; the salient fact is that Mr. Cleveland was one of many whose embittered lives have been gladdened by the paragraphic offspring of Mr. Villard's blithesome mentality. True, the casual reader would naturally assume that the gems labelled "Waifs," accredited as they are to other journals, have their origin elsewhere. It is, however, an open secret in the profession that Mr. Villard is their sole and undivided author and that he attaches the names of various newspapers for the purpose of concealing his identity. In this way he obtains a vent for his own mental agitation without disturbing the moral equilibrium of Editor Rollo Ogden.

How much time is required by Mr. Villard for these compositions we have no means of knowing, but whatever it may be should be accorded him, and on behalf of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut we implore the President to consider gravely the barrenness of existence hereabouts,

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without the delectation afforded by inanimate estrays such as these:

A Short-Story—The mezzanine floor.—[*Death.*

Doctor—"How do you feel, Colonel, when you kill a man?" Colonel—"Oh, not so bad. How do you?"—[*Lunch.*

Simmons—"Isn't Barker always willing to hear both sides of a question?" Kimmons—"Not unless you let him do all the talking."—[*Fudge.*

Mother—"Always think twice before you speak." Tommy—"Gee, ma, if you do that yourself you must do some swift thinking when you get goin' for pa."—[James Williams, Jr., in *Boston Transcript.*

So we might continue indefinitely, but for illustrative purposes let enough suffice for a feast. One more phase and we shall have ended. When we spoke of the apparent hamstringing of the author of "Waifs," we voiced no idle suspicion. How else, we ask in all conscience, can we account for the flagrant *omission* of the following from Mr. Villard's collection:

What is the difference between Herod and Josephus? One crucified the Jews; the other juicified the crews.—[*Blatter.*

W. J. B. on "Fundamentals." Chautauquan introduction.—I now have the great pleasure of presenting to you the Prince-of-peace-at-any-price; the man who put the "fun" in fundamentals. —[*Elkhorn Wasp.*

The reason why neither of these choicest of morsels has appeared in the *Evening Post* is, we think, quite clear. Mr. Villard could not afford to imperil the favor won at so great a cost of mind and spirit by treating with levity the sensitive allies of a needy Administration. The future of his waifs, therefore, is beclouded by the restrictions which invariably encompass one, however versatile or flexible, who tries to serve two masters. Again we adjure the President, firmly but humbly, in strict conformity with our best diplomatic usage, to consider the present plight of this great reading (and voting) community and have a heart.

We have much more to say at fitting moments regarding the relative qualifications of Mr. Villard and Colonel House, but for the present we shall refrain, with the understanding that this inadequate analysis is only preliminary to a recommendation that both swashbuckler and scholar be retained and that from this day forward the appellations of unofficial

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counselors-in-intimate-fashion be publicly announced to continue during good behavior and due obedience as follows:

Assistant President
COLONEL EDWARD MAKEPEACE HOUSE
Second Assistant President
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Scorer
COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON

DEALING WITH DIPLOMATIC MISFITS.

CONCERNING the dismissal of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, three cardinal points are obvious.

The first is that his misconduct was the climax of a long series of offenses by the Teutonic Powers or their agents, which had tried the patience of the United States far beyond what would have been to almost any other nation the breaking point and culminated in an attempt by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, under the direction of his home government, to organize widespread labor troubles in this country, with their attendant demoralization of industry and grave menace of disorder and rioting.

The second point is that this man more richly deserved dismissal than any other of those whom the United States has been compelled thus to treat, with the possible exception of the first of all. We say the possible exception, for while Genet's conduct was more flagrantly improper than Dr. Dumba's, there was for it in the attendant circumstances immeasurably more excuse. But after that half-crazy Frenchman there was not one whose offense was comparable with Dr. Dumba's. Jefferson sent a Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Casa Yrujo, home for the relatively petty offense of offering to pay an American newspaper for publishing the Spanish side of a controversy which we were then having with Spain. Madison sent a British Minister, Jackson, home because of a disagreement concerning some transactions of his predecessor, in the course of which Jackson imputed bad faith to this Government; and also because of his sending to British consuls here a letter exhorting the development of anti-Administration sentiment. In Taylor's Administration Poussin, the French Minister, was dismissed because of what was regarded as his disrespectful attitude toward our

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Secretary of State. In Pierce's time Crampton, the British Minister was recalled at our demand, because he had apparently sanctioned if he had not instigated and promoted the enlistment of men in this country for service in the British army in the Crimean War. President Grant gave Catacazy, the Russian Minister, his dismissal for trying to influence Congressional action in favor of a claim, and for trying, also, to organize a newspaper campaign against the Administration. Cleveland dismissed a third British Minister, Lord Sackville, for giving by indirection some political advice to Americans in response to a decoy letter which was sent to him by political tricksters. Finally, McKinley compelled the retirement of the Spanish Minister, Dupuy de Lome, for writing about him in offensive terms to a private correspondent. Not one of these cases, since Genet's, approximated in grossness that of Dr. Dumba. They were chiefly marked with offense against etiquette or dignity, and were not fraught with menace to our peace, order and prosperity. If those dismissals were justifiable, this one was, we repeat, immeasurably more so.

The third point is that vindication of American dignity, honor and rights by the dismissal of offensive ministers does not cause peril of war, or even of severance of diplomatic relations. In nearly every one of the cases cited there was acquiescence in the action of our Government, and sometimes hearty approval of it; and in not one of them was there any breach of friendly relations. This latter fact is especially worthy of remembrance and of consideration at the present time in view of the fears which have been expressed that the dismissal of Dr. Dumba might cause trouble, and still more in view of the menacing declaration credited to Count Bernstorff, that suspension of diplomatic relations between America and Germany would mean war. There could scarcely be any more exaggerated estimate of such an incident. The right of every nation to determine for itself the question of the acceptability of an envoy accredited to it is indisputable; and the exercise of that right can never be regarded as a hostile or even an unfriendly act. Each nation has, moreover, an equal right to determine for itself what diplomatic relations it shall have with others, and the exercise of that right is similarly void of offense. Again and again this nation has exercised those rights toward others, and other nations have exercised them toward Amer-

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ica; but never once has such exercise led to war. To say that it would do so at the present time would be to suggest either a purpose to threaten, frighten or bully this nation into pusillanimous acquiescence in violation of its rights, or a desire for war of which a simple and inoffensive incident would be made the pretext. There have been times in our history when an intimation by a foreign envoy here that his dismissal would lead to war, would have been accounted ample cause for immediately demanding his recall; and at such times, under such a policy, we were in less danger of war than we are now.

"A LASTING PEACE."

THE phrase is a familiar one. You find it on many "scraps of paper." The common formula of treaties is, "There shall be a firm and lasting peace." Also, it is generally agreed by rational men that a lasting peace must be founded upon justice and mutual satisfaction. A peace in which wrong is done, in which grievances are imposed or are permitted to remain unredressed to rankle, cannot be permanent. It contains within itself the elements of its own dissolution. Now, amid all the speculations and discussions of the peace which will be made at the end of the present war, no remark is more often heard, more earnestly uttered, or more eminently fitting than that a peace must be made that will be lasting. There must be no danger left of a renewal of the strife. Beyond doubt such a consummation is devoutly to be desired. Beyond doubt, also, it will be exceedingly difficult to achieve. We would not pronounce it impossible. But it is quite obvious that it will involve more radical transactions by the peace-making Powers than have been known on former occasions of the kind, and it must be confessed that former peace-makings for more than a century have set no encouraging example for it.

Memory naturally recalls the Congress of Vienna, of a century and a year ago. That was a settlement comparable to that which must follow this war, in magnitude and extent of interests involved. As at the present time, Europe had been cast into the melting-pot, and there was opportunity for a pretty complete remaking of its political geography and a lasting settlement of its elements of disturbance. Yet what was done? Perhaps it was because there were just

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thirteen reigning sovereigns there—ominous number! Whatever the cause, the outcome of that famous conclave was not to make a lasting peace, based upon truth and justice, but rather to sow or to cherish the seeds of discontent, resentment, and inevitable future war. There was, indeed, a reorganization of Germany which had some good amid some bad features. It was well that a vast number of petty states were eliminated, by consolidation, so that instead of hundreds of separate sovereignties there were made only two score—Prussia, Austria, and thirty-eight other kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, Free Cities, and what not. Yet in this process much wrong was done. Prussia and Austria were aggrandized at the expense of minor states. Prussia took half of Saxony, the left bank of the Rhine, Swedish Pomerania, and other territories, while various small states were traded among the larger ones, like counters in a game.

The worst feature of the whole business was, however, the ignoring of nationalities. That principle should, above all others, have been recognized and maintained. It was that which was the strength of France in her defensive wars and which was fatal to her aggressive campaigns. It was his violation of nationality which defeated Napoleon in Spain and which overwhelmed him with disaster in Russia. It was enthusiasm for that principle which roused Germany in the War of Liberation. Yet that august Congress at Vienna was quite blind to those stupendous lessons. It consecrated and confirmed the partition of Poland. It took Norway from Denmark and gave it to Sweden, and it took Finland from Sweden and gave it to Russia. It placed most of Italy under alien rulers, and gave much of that country outright to Austria. It united Holland and Belgium as one, under a single rule, despite their antagonism of centuries. It took away from France territories which were happy and contented under French rule and gave them to Prussia and Bavaria. Even in its formation of the Germanic Federation it wholly failed to satisfy the national aspirations of those countries.

The result was trouble. Discontent and friction soon led to a revolt in Belgium and the separation of that country from its unnatural union with Holland. Italy was restless and seditious under Austrians and Bourbons, though two generations passed before she could expel them. Norway

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never forgave the disposition which had been made of her. In fact, on almost every hand there was dissatisfaction, and the terms of peace made straight for a renewal of the war.

Nor were later peace-makings more fortunate. After the Crimean War conditions were imposed upon Russia which caused continuous resentment and a determination to get rid of them even at the cost of another war. In 1858 France betrayed Italy and compelled the making of an unsatisfactory and unjust peace, which Italy righteously broke at her first opportunity. The war of 1864 despoiled Denmark and planted the seeds of future trouble. The peace which followed Sadowa in 1866 did injustice to Saxony, and still worse to Hanover and other states. The war of 1870-71 ended with terms which made France resolved to undo them and which imposed upon Germany the need of maintaining enormous armaments in order to prevent such revenge. The Berlin Congress at the end of the Russo-Turkish War may have seemed to establish, in Disraeli's phrase, "peace with honor," but it left vital issues untouched and made inevitable the troubles which for years convulsed the Balkans and led to repeated wars. There has, indeed, not in a hundred years and more been a considerable peace treaty in Europe which has been so instinct with justice as to afford a basis for any reasonable expectation of lasting peace. Every one has, on the contrary, made a succeeding war not only possible, but practically inevitable. Indeed, the causes and conditions of the present war were provided in the terms of peace at the ends of the preceding wars.

In such circumstances one would not need to be cynical or skeptical to wonder somewhat doubtfully whether any firm and lasting peace is likely to be made as a result of the present war. Certain it is that it would be necessary to that end to make a more radical rearrangement of European affairs than has been suggested by most of those who have been talking about peace on either side or among neutrals. To end the war by restoring anything like the *status quo ante* would be a mockery, and worse. So costly a war must not have been fought in vain. Whether it would be possible to reconstitute Europe, or that part of it which is implicated in the war, on a basis of nationalities is an interesting question. That would involve an extensive dismemberment of the Austrian Empire, a realm whose very corner-stone has been disregard and denial of national rights; and it would

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not leave Prussia altogether unimpaired. The restoration of Italia Irredenta to Italy would make Austria and Hungary inland states, shut away from the sea. The reconstitution of Poland would despoil both Austria and Prussia. Justice to Servia would also despoil Austria-Hungary, and a settlement satisfactory to Rumania would deprive Hungary of much more of her territory. Belgium would have a right to a small region now held by Germany; and, of course, France would demand Alsace and Lorraine. There might even be demands for the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, if not of Finland to Sweden. These and other such changes might be expected to give satisfaction to their beneficiaries; but they would as certainly implant resentment and a longing for revenge in the Teutonic heart such as would cause peace to be kept only until opportunity should arise for another war of retribution.

THE MENACE OF THE "GERMAN VOTE"

ENTER, to the music of "*Deutschland Ueber Alles,*" The German Vote. It will be cast against every candidate for office who does not align himself with Kultur against civilization. Therefore, beware; for the hostility of The German Vote will be fatal. No President, no member of Congress, no constable nor poundkeeper in the village of Squedunk, can be elected in the face of it. For proof of which, listen to the declarations of the German propagandists themselves, apostles of pure neutrality and therefore of eternal truth. Did not Representative Vollmer tell us, at a meeting in New York as long ago as last June, that there were from twenty to thirty millions, and perhaps more, Germans in this country who thought as he did? Wherefore, *Gott strafe England!*

If those figures were even approximately correct, we might indeed be in a parlous state. If there had been "a hundred cats in our cellar" the small boy who reported the horrendous story might have had the time of his life. Unhappily for their author, the figures are not correct. They are a joke. For proof of which, see the United States census.

In 1910 there were in the United States only 13,345,545 foreigners of all nationalities; so that it is really difficult to see how there can be 30,000,000 or more, or even 20,000,000 and no more, Germans in this country. Of these there were

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the following from the various belligerent nations, Servia and Montenegro being omitted because their immigrants in this country were not separately reported:

Germany	2,501,181
Austria-Hungary	1,670,524
Turkey	91,923
Total Teutonic-Turkish	4,263,628
Great Britain and Canada	3,773,269
Russia	1,602,752
Italy	1,343,070
France	117,236
Belgium	49,397
Total Allies	6,885,724

From these figures it scarcely needs a Sherlock Holmes to deduce,

First, That the Teutonic element in this country is not after all particularly formidable in numbers; and

Second, That if it were to " act nasty " it would easily be overbalanced by the anti-German element.

It may be said, however, that these figures indicate only the foreign born, and that American born children of German parents are to be taken into account. Very well; let us apply the same acid test. In 1910, according to the same Federal census, the total of persons of foreign birth or American born of one or both foreign born parents was as follows:

British	10,037,420
Teutonic	8,817,271

Not to mention the Russians, Italians, French and Belgians. So that the same two deductions may be drawn from a reckoning on this basis, too; only a little more so!

But we were talking about The German Vote. The total vote for President of the United States in 1912 was about 15,000,000, which was 16.48 per cent. of the entire population. Let us reckon the German element, foreign born and of foreign parentage, including Austro-Hungarian, at 9,000,000. Of that number 16.48 per cent. would be 1,483,200. That is a considerable number of voters, no doubt. But it does not seem so large when it is spread out over the whole

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United States. It is less than one-tenth of the electorate of the nation. Such a vote, cast solidly, might not be an important general factor.

It is simply unsupposable, however, that it could be cast solidly in any effective manner. The two principal parties will doubtless nominate candidates for the Presidency and for Congress who are Americans and not Germans in America. There will then be no object for casting this ten per cent. solidly for either, for they will both be equally obnoxious to the propagandists of baby-drowning "kultur." And of course the casting of that vote solidly for some third candidate would be quite ineffective.

There are, however, two other points which must be considered. One is the practical impossibility of casting that vote solidly. Not nearly all the people in this country of German parentage or even German birth are adherents of the German cause in this war. It is to be doubted whether half of them could be persuaded to let the circumstances of the war control their votes as American citizens. If they could, we should have to revise our estimate of the loyalty of Americans of German origin or descent. The other point is the effect upon the rest of the electorate which would be produced by the consolidation of the German vote upon foreign issues. There would, we are confident, be a storm of popular execration against the German vote before which few would care to stand, and there would be a union of all other voters against it which would completely overwhelm it.

The German vote on a domestic topic might be of great importance. The German vote on an alien topic, aiming to drag foreign influences and issues into American politics, would be a negligible quantity.

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THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

VERY long ago man discovered that he could kill whales because he had learned by observation that these biggest of animals had to come to the surface of the ocean at frequent intervals to breathe. Knowledge of their habits has been followed by their partial extermination. Because there have been of late so many wild conceptions of the habits of the mechanical whale, the submarine, a brief description of submarines in general is perhaps necessary to a clearer understanding.

Primarily, in spite of its name, a submarine is a surface vessel, with an underwater body similar to that of other surface vessels, and propelled by twin screws. The power to drive it on the surface is developed by so-called Diesel heavy-oil engines, or, as in some types, by steam turbines driven by oil-burning boilers. The requisite of these engines is that they may be shut off at a moment's notice, and thereafter create no heat or gases when submergence takes place. Great difficulties have been experienced with these engines in the past. The amount of space available, the mechanical problems of developing increased horsepower, have made progress seemingly slow, but within ten years the submarine's surface engine has gradually grown from the size for a 250-ton craft to that for the 1,000-ton so-called sea-going type, and the speed has been increased from 12 to 22 knots an hour. At the same time a 3 or 4-inch gun has been added to the equipment. Thus the result in the larger modern types is a vessel of about 1,000 tons, with fair speed, light armament and no armor, with sea-going qualities inferior to those of a destroyer, and with a cruising radius at reduced speed of 3,000 to 4,000 miles, though longer distances could possibly be covered by using the diving tanks for additional oil storage, thereby pre-

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venting diving operations. As a surface warship there is little to commend in these qualities: speed, protection and offensive power are all defective, and such a ship would be at the mercy of any other surface vessel stronger than a torpedo boat.

It is, however, as an underwater craft that the submarine gains in effective fighting strength, and incidentally in that appeal to the popular imagination which, sad to say, totally lacks war value. The moment the surface engines are shut off, and sufficient water admitted to submerge, the character alters; propelling power must of necessity become non-gas producing, electric engines run by storage batteries. They are entirely separate from the oil engines and can give but slow speed—10 to 14 miles an hour—for a few hours only before it becomes necessary to rise and run on the surface in order to recharge the batteries by means of the surface engines. But the need of coming up like the whale for breath is not the only weakness: to deliver an attack sight is an essential, and thus far man has discovered no means of seeing through the water. Invisibility is the source of a submarine's strength, and yet the only way an enemy can be seen in order to discharge a torpedo is by raising the "eyes" or periscope above the surface. The enemy becomes visible, but in the same act the submarine loses its invisibility, for a periscope can be seen if the proper means of observation are maintained. As an underwater craft, then, the submarine can hide when completely submerged, in which event it cannot see and has no offensive power; it can run submerged with periscope showing, in which case it can use the torpedo if not sooner discovered; it can operate at slow speed and for a few hours only without rising.

During the past century great changes have occurred in armed ships, but they have occurred gradually. People thought in 1815 that the steam frigate *Demologos* or *Fulton the First* would "revolutionize" naval warfare, but nations were still building sailing frigates thirty years later. The unseaworthy *Monitor* was supposed to upset all traditions, yet she was not the first ship to carry armor, and development in naval architecture was eventually along the line of ships with sea-going qualities. The torpedo boat of twenty years ago, with its great speed and self-propelling torpedo was going to put every battleship on the scrap heap, but very soon the destroyer was devised as an answer, and to-day has replaced

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the torpedo boat and taken its definite place as an integral part of the fleet. The more I study present-day naval development in the light of naval history, the more I am impressed with the slowness of evolution, with the fact that for every new weapon an antidote is found, and above all with the lesson that control of the seas means in its large sense precisely the same to-day as it did in the days of Van Tromp or Nelson. To prevent an invasion at one given point, to conduct a raid, to destroy isolated merchant vessels has never meant naval supremacy; but to be able to keep the seven seas open for the bulk of a nation's vessels of commerce and of war, and to keep the seas closed for those of the adversary—that is what history means by the influence of sea power.

To-day I would say without hesitation that the submarine has not replaced the battleship as the principal factor in war at sea. Taking it in its existing stage of development, a submersible vessel is useful for certain purposes only. It cannot yet be called sea-going or sea-keeping, it is not fast; and it is extremely vulnerable. Already devices for its destruction are multiplying: the aeroplane or dirigible can see it well below the surface; the net, the mine field, the destroyer are all being used to oppose it, and a new type of armed patrol-boat is being built for the purpose of watching the sea's surface for signs of the mechanical whale that must come up. Submarine signals, also, although now in the infancy of development will doubtless soon be able to detect the presence of moving submarines and give accurately their direction and distance.

It would be, of course, not unreasonable to suppose that, while the weapons for the destruction of underwater craft are being perfected, the improvement of the submarine itself will continue. Without doubt its size will increase, its engines, both surface and sub-surface, gain in horsepower and resulting speed, its radius of action grow and its seaworthiness improve. I have said nothing of the discomfort of the officers and men on the present-day vessels, nor of the well known fact that the propelling and operating mechanism is in such an experimental stage that frequent accidents occur; these are the evils of any new apparatus—witness the automobile of fifteen years ago. But the time is not far distant when the "habitability" and safety from mishaps will make submarines as dependable as any other high-powered, complicated vessel of war. Two deterring factors will proba-

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bly always be present in its development: the inability to see under water, and the necessity of coming to the surface at short intervals.

The submarine has come to stay. It has taken its place, not as the sole weapon in naval offense and defense, but as an adjunct to other weapons. That it is useful for coast defense, for commerce destroying, for scouting purposes, and as a part of the protection to and attacking power of a battleship fleet is established. That it alone is capable of defending a coast against invasion is claimed only by the type of people in this country to whom national defense means preventing an enemy from landing an armed force on our Atlantic or Pacific seaboard—a Chinese wall kind of defense that requires necessarily the total abandonment of Alaska, of the Canal, of Hawaii and our other dependencies over seas, the stopping of our exports and imports and the inability to protect against aggression our citizens abroad and our well-considered international policies. In other words, free communications across the seas are just as much an integral part of our national defense as is the protection of New York harbor.

Before I became associated with our naval affairs in an official way, I had a theory that I knew much about naval strategy and warfare. But I have come very quickly to recognize that I did not: that war on the sea is a greatly complicated science, developing step by step through the faithful work of men who are trained through years of study and experience. It is therefore of interest that the very great majority of naval officers both here and abroad do not believe that the submarine has supplanted the battleship, even though the characteristics of the latter may greatly change. They hold that as it is improved step by step the submarine will take its place as one, but only one, of the many instruments of offense and defense on the seas; that it will fit in to its well-appointed place, and that history, with the devising of another weapon, will repeat itself.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

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MILITARY PREPAREDNESS: WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY MAJOR GEORGE B. DUNCAN, U. S. A.

THE terrible war that holds the principal nations of the world within its grasp, the appalling sacrifice of life and property, the paralysis of industrial pursuits, the bitterness of grief in desolated homes, the fervid valor with which individuals lay down their lives for their respective countries, must have made every thinking man in the United States take counsel with himself as to the reciprocal duties of citizenship and State. He finds that he is provided with police and fire protection, and schools for his children. He has a vote in selecting officers of government who are charged with the duty of establishing justice for all citizens and assuring them protection in all places, insuring domestic tranquillity, and providing for the common defense. Reciprocally, he is expected to uphold his country, honor its institutions, and, if necessary, bear arms in its defense.

The colonial experience which immediately preceded the Revolutionary War had inculcated a distrust of any power which was remote from the people. The experience of that war not only intensified this feeling, but increased inherent self-reliance. With peace there was a return to the old-time vocations and allegiance to their States, under whose laws the people had enjoyed and now continue to enjoy rights of liberty, property, and a fair measure of prosperity. There was a lack of community between the people of the different States in business interests and in sentiment. There were no means of communication except by sea from port to port, and by stage and horseback on inland routes. An illimitable expanse of territory extended toward the West, to be opened for settlement and cultivation. This was about the status of affairs when the Articles of Confederation were proving a

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failure, and the establishment of a more perfect union became necessary.

In forming a constitution which would be acceptable to the States and people, and at the same time give stability to the new government, all conditions had to be taken into consideration. There would be a wonderful accession of power to this central government, and there must be an interdiction of ability to abuse this power to the oppression of the citizens or to the destruction of the rights of the States. The history of the world, and their own experience, had taught the colonists that the chief instrument of abuse and tyranny was a standing army. Besides, of what possible use would be an army in a country so cut off from the rest of the world; where every man would leave the plow and the workshop, if need be, to preserve the liberty which had been the reward of indomitable pluck and perseverance? There were no near neighbors from whom to expect invasion; there was no desire of extended empire through conquest; a mighty ocean separated them from the turbulent sphere of European dissensions; the people were thrifty and peaceable; and they could see in a standing army only a threat to the liberty so dearly bought. Therefore the Constitution was almost prohibitory in touching the subject of a regular military establishment; and, while it gave Congress the power "to raise and support armies," it added: "but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years." And the early Acts of Congress specifically stated that the small force then in existence was to furnish protection to settlers from Indian depredations. With a narrow stretch of sparsely settled country, and the Atlantic Ocean as a bulwark against the military force of Europe, the United States looked for prosperity to the peaceful pursuits of industry. All that was desired was an opportunity to develop our principles, our industries, and our institutions. Adhering to the advice of Washington, the United States has ever held aloof from entanglement in European politics. The only foreign policy developed has been that of President Monroe in his message to Congress in December, 1823, entering a protest against European conquest on this Continent, and asserting that here at least should flourish the democratic principles that rulers derive their powers from the consent of the ruled.

The growth of the Union during the years preceding the Civil War was that of peaceful industries, protected by

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geographical position from the influences of European politics. But divergencies of sentiment regarding matters of internal policy arose, and State after State undertook to throw off Federal authority. And in the Civil War the wisdom of the policy of refusing to keep a standing army was put to the greatest possible test. The national unity was saved only by supreme effort, and at a cost of nearly 300,000 lives and millions of money. Of course, this war could have been crushed in the beginning by an efficient regular army, but that would not have been conducive to a final settlement of the questions at issue. To have annihilated secession by regular soldiers would have been a tyrannical use of power backed by bayonets; it would have increased hatred and strife, and led to secret preparation for a renewal of the struggle.

The Union emerged from this convulsion as the first military power in the world; hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers, returned to industrial occupations, were ready to respond to any national emergency. The spectacle of the disbandment of the armies of the Civil War was a complete guarantee of the perpetuity of our institutions, a lesson to the world in advanced civilization and a tribute to the blessings of peace. And so, it is believed, the purposes of our democratic institutions were best served during the first hundred years from the Declaration of Independence by keeping a standing army no larger than was necessary for a protection of the frontier from Indian depredations, and for an enforcement of the laws especially authorized by the Constitution.

With the downfall of the Confederacy, the Union entered more fully upon its existence as a nation. It could no longer be looked upon as a confederation of States to be disbanded at the will of its members. Independence and equality for all men, with supreme sovereignty in the central government, was permanently settled. The question now arises: What are the changed conditions which demand a state of military preparedness, and in what will such preparedness prove a source of national safety?

The genius of invention has altered all the essential conditions of a few years ago. Time and space are being rapidly annihilated. Our citizens, in the pursuit of pleasure, business, or science, are to be found in every land. Our churches send their missionaries into every available spot.

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Commercial activity pays no attention to geographical boundaries, and the product of American manufactories is found in every market. So that in our interests, our information, our pleasures, and our business affairs, we are not isolated. We are being continually brought into closer contact with other nations, and must take our part in the deliberations of the world. Look at the matter from a geographical standpoint. Distance can be measured only by time, and in this light no nation is widely separated from another. The ocean is but a highway of travel and commerce, with a time-table almost as accurate as those of our trans-continental railroads. Daily the world grows smaller, and nations formerly but little known to each other now rub elbows in the march of civilization. Speaking broadly, our Atlantic seaboard is within a fortnight's reach of the armed camps of Europe. Upon the West, the rise of Japan to military and naval power gives us a nation ready to measure her strength with ours whenever the occasion provided by conflicting interest shall present itself.

In touching upon the relation of the United States to the other Powers, it can be laid down as a fixed rule that there are no means of preventing strife between nations; and that the more fully our people enter into the affairs of the world, the greater is the possibility of friction with other people. The Congress of Paris in 1856 adopted the strongest possible recommendations that nations should, before appealing to arms, have recourse to the good offices of friendly Powers to settle their grievances. But of what avail has that action been? Since then the most destructive wars that the world has ever known have been waged, and military science has steadily kept pace with improvements in the industries of peace.

In the face of these facts, and as the exponents of a democracy which in the end will regenerate the political system of the world, our military policy of acting upon the defensive until the great armies which exist in embryo in our free citizenship can be enrolled, organized, and put into the field, is hardly abreast of existing conditions or conformable to the self-respect and dignity of a great nation, which should possess the ability to punish transgressions as well as to protect its institutions. An offensive war might become necessary to obtain satisfaction for a breach of treaty, or for an insult to the flag, or an affront to our honor; or, above all, to

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protect our citizens against foreign violence; and any of these events is much more liable to occur than is the need for a war of defense to protect our national sovereignty and independence. A known preparedness to send an efficient military force wherever the exigencies of just war might demand would be the safest guarantee against such a possibility.

Now, consider the place occupied by the Union in international affairs. In sovereignty, independence, and equality, all nations stand upon the same level in their relation to each other. Comity brings them into friendly commerce, its requirements being regard for the reputation of other States, respect for foreign flags upon the sea, courtesy in diplomatic intercourse, polite treatment of rulers or representatives of other countries, and the right of redress for injury or wrong to a subject by foreign aggression. Treaties usually define the relations between nations. According to the possession of power to excite the respectful attention of other governments in the domain of international affairs, nations are divided into classes; and this power depends upon their military and naval preparedness for war, with further regard to their resources and ability to carry on a conflict.

The traditional foreign policy of the United States, as we all know, is that of non-interference in European affairs, and hostility to European aggression on this Continent. The spirit animating the struggle for independence in 1776 found deeper expression in the Monroe Doctrine, and this has been the cardinal principle of the United States in its dealings with the governments of the world. Without the intervention of the United States there is not another government on this hemisphere which could oppose a determined foe from Europe. Fifty years ago there was time for war after the fact, but there is none to-day. Isolation lives only as a memory. Our military dependence is upon a small, a very small, army, and upon the militia. A modern war would be concluded before the embryo armies could be brought into being, much less developed to a state of efficiency. It must be borne in mind that there is no subject in which greater scientific progress has been made during the past thirty years than in the appliances and appurtenances of war.

The fighting branches of the Army are its mobile troops,—infantry, cavalry, field artillery, engineers, signal and sanitary units and the necessary trains, so named because they are able to march anywhere and fight upon any ground. Then

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there is the coast artillery charged with harbor defense, whose sphere of activity is limited by the range of their guns and mortars and location of mine fields, but playing a useful, even if limited, sphere of activity in defensive work. Infantry and cavalry are armed with a rifle which is sighted up to 2,850 yards. The use of the huge modern howitzers by the artillery requires a knowledge of the intricate mechanism of cannon throwing a shell. The infantryman carries upon his back his ammunition, food, and intrenching tools. It takes time to teach him to use his rifle and intrenching tools effectively, to carry his burden, and to take care of himself on the march and in action, and to cook his ration. The cavalryman must learn, in addition, the care of his horse, and how to use a saber and revolver. The field artilleryman uses a weapon from concealed positions with a range up to three miles. The engineers have to know how to clear and build roads, construct bridges over ravines and streams and make practicable the advance of the fighting units. The signal soldier must know how to keep open the line of communication by telegraph, telephone, and wireless from the actual firing line to the base. As pilots of the air in aeroplanes they must reconnoiter the country from the highest altitudes and be ready to do more than hold their own in aerial combat, both offensive and defensive. The sanitary units must be properly equipped to care for the sick and wounded. The trains must have from day to day the necessary supplies of rations, of ammunition, and of material to make repairs and supply losses. In fine, killing in war is a scientific proposition, as are the means to conserve life and strength in the soldier.

As there has been change and improvement in the armament of troops for battle, so there is a very much greater need of discipline and preliminary training and drill to make the soldier effective in action. Indeed, there is no comparison between these latter requirements as they exist to-day and what was formerly necessary, and it is this fact which it is so difficult to impress upon the average citizen. The mass of metal thrown from two contending lines of battle is terrific. The skirmish preceding battle commences at incredible distances. In the full tide of conflict, squads, sections, companies, and even battalions may in a moment be annihilated. In the face of such conditions, common sense would understand that victory will reward that command which uses its

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weapons most skillfully, which husbands its ammunition and throws its ammunition with accuracy, and at the command of its leaders, moving ever onward to the attack, forgetting personal danger in its confidence in the wisdom of its commanders, and its hope of final victory. Do we realize the never-ending drill, the target practise, the discipline, the unceasing vigilance of instruction, the unquestioning obedience, the various exercises absolutely necessary to bring the soldier to his most efficient state,—or, if you please, to convert the individual into as much of a machine as possible? Such essential qualities can come only from regular and incessant daily training.

The leading nations of the world require a compulsory military training for their citizens, generally three years of it. The United States should always have within its borders a sufficient number of trained men fitted promptly to take their place in the ranks. Ways and means to accomplish this have been pointed out by various Secretaries of War and Chiefs of Staff, and need no repetition here. But the old idea that a uniform makes a soldier must be abandoned. Success in future wars will depend upon skill in the use of weapons and in fire discipline, combined with implicit obedience and trust in commanders. These cannot become second nature, as they must to be effective, through the training of volunteer camps in the days or weeks preceding a conflict. The Union has progressed to that point when it can best be served, so far as the objects of war are concerned, by a regular army,—such a force as would serve, at least, for the first line of attack. The old bugbear of a standing army being a menace to liberty should have been effaced with the settlement of the question of State sovereignty. It should never be forgotten that a soldier is a citizen in the fullest acceptance of the word; his life and training keep alive his patriotism; in his independence of party or sectarian influence his mind, perhaps, grasps more fully the meaning of democracy; his influence is non-partisan in all controversies, and his life stands between his country's flag and dishonor. What else can there be but insurance to property, life, and happiness to the body politic in the maintenance of a well-disciplined army of liberty-loving and patriotic citizens?

There is no question of the patriotism of our people, nor of the fact that in time of national danger hundreds of thousands would willingly throw their lives into the breach in

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defense of our land and its institutions; that, in the end, fidelity and valor would remain supreme. But while the country might rise from its ashes, there would be no resurrection of the lives which had paid the forfeit of war; there could be no return to the fireside of the fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons left upon the battlefield. Upon individuals thus left to mourn does the anguish of war fall hardest. The question is simply whether it is the part of good government to demand from our citizens such a sacrifice, such a needless slaughter, as would, to-day, be the price of war.

GEORGE B. DUNCAN.

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THE MASTERY OF THE WORLD

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

BECAUSE the question is widely discussed whether peace throughout the world may be attained by the friendly co-operation of many nations, and because a nation's attitude towards this question may determine her future prosperity or ruin, it may be well to note what has been the trend of the nations hitherto, and whether any forces exist that may reasonably be expected to change that trend. We may then be able to induce from facts the law which that trend obeys, and make a reasonable deduction as to whether or not the world is moving towards peace. If we do this we shall follow the inductive method of modern science, and avoid the error (with its perilous results) of first assuming the law and then deducing conclusions from it.

Men have always been divided into organizations, the first organization being the family. As time went on families were formed into tribes, for self-protection. The underlying cause for the organization was always a desire for strength; sometimes for defense, sometimes for offense, usually for both.

At times tribes joined in alliance with other tribes to attain a common end, the alliance being brought about by peaceful agreement, and usually ceasing after the end had been attained, or missed, or when tribal jealousies forbade further common effort. Sometimes tribes joined to form one larger tribe; the union being either forced on a weaker by a stronger tribe, or caused by a desire to secure a strength greater and more lasting than mere alliance can ensure.

In the same way, and apparently according to similar laws, sovereign states or nations were formed from tribes; and in later years, by the union of separate states. The states or nations have become larger and larger as time has

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gone on; greater numbers, not only of people but of peoples, living in the same general localities and having hereditary ties, joining to form a nation.

Though the forms of government of these states or nations are numerous, and though the conceptions of people as to the purposes and functions of the State vary greatly, we find that one characteristic of a state has always prevailed among all the states and nations of the world,—the existence of an armed military force, placed under the control of its Government; the purpose of this armed force being to enable the Government not only to carry on its administration of internal matters, but also to exert itself externally against the armed force of another state.

This armed force has been a prominent factor in the life of every sovereign state and independent tribe, from history's beginning, and is no less a factor now. No instance can be found of a sovereign state without its appropriate armed force, to guard its sovereignty, and preserve that freedom from external control, without which freedom it ceases to exist as a sovereign state.

The armed force has always been a matter of very great expense. It has always required the anxious care of the Government and the people. The men comprising it have always been subjected to restraint and discipline, compelled to undergo hardships and dangers greater than those of civil life, and developed by a training highly specialized and exacting.

The armed force in every state has had not only continuous existence always, but continuous, potential readiness, if not continuous employment; and the greatest changes in the mutual relations of nations have been brought about by the victory of the armed force of one state over the armed force of another state. This does not mean that the fundamental causes of the changes have been physical, for they have been psychological, and have been so profound and so complex as to defy analysis; but it does mean that the actual and immediate instrument producing the changes has been physical force; that physical force and physical courage acting in conjunction, of which conjunction war is the ultimate expression, have always been the most potent instruments in the dealings of nations with each other.

Is there any change towards peaceful methods now?

No, on the contrary; war is recognized as the most potent

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method still; the prominence of military matters is greater than ever before; at no time in the past has interest in war been so keen as at the present, or the expenditure of blood and money been so prodigal; at no time before has war so thoroughly engaged the intellect and energy of mankind.

In other words the trend of the nations has been towards a clearer recognition of the efficacy of military power, and an increasing use of the instrumentality of war.

The cause of this trend,—this clean-cut, uniform trend in all nations and in all times—is easily found in the simple fact that physical force can exert a greater influence on a person, or a nation, than any other force can; because it threatens life itself and arouses the primary instinct of self-preservation, "the first law of nature." For while it is true that human beings can be influenced by other forces, usually called "moral" forces, such as love, hate, ambition, gratitude, conscience, and so forth; and, that these moral forces profoundly influence human effort, and although it is sometimes asserted that they are more powerful than physical force, and even that the courage needed to oppose a moral force is superior to the courage needed to oppose a physical force,—yet nevertheless, the force that has actually decided the issue in every great crisis among nations has been actual physical force with its threat against life itself; and the courage that has been the most important has been "physical courage," the *virtus* of the Romans, without which no man could ever have stood up against that threat.

At the present day, as in the past, it is recognized that life is a man's most valuable possession, and that consequently the most effective force to bring to bear upon a man is a threat against his life. It is for this reason that the State threatens death for murder, while to discourage lesser crimes than murder, threats of forcible imprisonment or corporal punishment are employed; the experience of men having shown abundantly that the threat of physical force,—not moral, mental or spiritual force, not argument or persuasion,—has been the most effective and is the most effective still.

This may seem a hard saying. Certainly it is not a flattering one. But experience shows the danger of believing flattery—and common sense tells us that it is as dangerous for nations to believe flattery as for individuals. The demagogue flatters the crowd, and naturally the crowd like the

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demagogue. But crowds are swayed by emotion not by reason; and if we wish to read history with clear judgment and common sense, in order to see what light the past can give us, we must admit this frankly. We must not flatter ourselves, or let others flatter us; and we must be open-minded enough to accept history's data as to the real nature of man, and especially of "crowds" of men, and their actual conduct in the past.

This brief consideration of the trend of people up to the present time seems to show that, due to the nature of man himself, especially to the nature of large "crowds" of men, the direction in which nations have been moving hitherto has not been towards securing the blessings of peace, but rather towards increasing the methods, instruments and areas of war.

This being the case, what forces exist that may reasonably be expected to change that trend?

Three main forces are usually mentioned: Civilization, Commerce, Christianity.

Before considering these it may be well to note Newton's first law of motion, that every body will continue in a state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, unless acted on by some external force; for though this law was affirmed of material bodies, yet its applicability to large groups of men is striking and suggestive. For not only do human beings have the physical attributes of weight and inertia like other material bodies, but their mental organism, while of a higher order than the physical, is as powerfully affected by external forces. And though it is true that psychology has not yet secured her Sir Isaac Newton, and that no one has yet formulated a law that expresses exactly the action of the minds and spirits of men under the influence of certain mental and moral stimuli or forces, yet we know that our minds and spirits are influenced by fear, hope, ambition, hate, and so forth, in ways that are fairly well understood, and toward results that often can be predicted in advance.

Our whole theory of government and our laws of business and everyday life are founded on the belief that men are the same to-day as they were yesterday and that they will be the same to-morrow. The whole science of psychology is based on the observed and recorded actions of the human organism under the influence of certain external stimuli or forces, and starts from the assumption that this

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organism has definite and permanent characteristics. If this is not so—if the behavior of men in the past has not been governed by actual laws which will also govern their behavior in the future; then our laws of government are built on error, and the teachings of psychology are foolish.

This does not mean that any man will necessarily act in the same way to-morrow as he did yesterday, when subjected to the influence of the same threat, inducement or temptation; because, without grappling the thorny question of free will, we realize that a man's action is never the result of only one stimulus and motive, but is the resultant of many; and we have no reason to expect that he will act in the same way when subjected to the same stimulus, unless we know that the internal and external conditions pertaining to him are also the same. Furthermore, even if we cannot predict what a certain individual will do, when exposed to a certain external influence, because of some differences in his mental and physical condition, on one occasion in comparison with another, yet when we consider large groups of men, we know that individual peculiarities, permanent and temporary, balance each other in great measure; that the average condition of a group of men is less changeable than that of one man, and that the degree of permanency of condition increases with the number of men in the group. From this we may reasonably conclude that, if we know the character of a man—or a group of men—and if we know also the line of action which he—or they—have followed in the past, we shall be able to predict his—or their—line of action in the future with considerable accuracy; and that the accuracy will increase with the number of men in the group, and the length of time during which they have followed the known line of action. Le Bon says: "Every race carries in its mental constitution the laws of its destiny."

Therefore, the line of action that the entire human race has followed during the centuries of the past is a good index—or at least the best index that we have—to its line of action during the centuries of the future.

Now men have been on this earth for many years; and history and psychology teach us that in their intercourse with each other, their conduct has been caused by a combination of many forces, among which are certain powerful forces that tend to create strife. The strongest by far of these forces is the *ego* in man himself, a quality divinely

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implanted which makes a man in a measure self-protecting. This ego prompts a man not only to seek pleasure and avoid trouble for himself, but also to gain superiority, and, if possible, the mastery over his fellow men. Men being placed in life in close juxtaposition to each other, the struggles of each man to advance his own interests produce rivalries, jealousies, and conflicts.

Similarly with nations. Nations have been composed for the most part of people having an heredity more or less common to them all, so that they are bound together as great clans. From this it has resulted that nations have been jealous of each other and have combatted each other. They have been doing this since history began, and are doing it as much as ever now.

In fact, mankind have been in existence for so many centuries, and their physical, moral, mental and spiritual characteristics were so evidently implanted in them by the Almighty, that it seems difficult to see how anyone, except the Almighty himself, can change these characteristics and their resulting conduct. It is a common saying that a man cannot lift himself over the fence by his bootstraps, though he can jump over the fence, if it is not too high. This saying recognizes the fact that "a material system can do no work on itself"; but needs external aid. When a man pulls upwards on his bootstraps, the upward force that he exerts is exactly balanced by the downward reaction exerted by his bootstraps; but when he jumps, the downward thrust of his legs causes an equal reaction of the earth, which exerts a direct force upward upon the man; and it is this external force that moves him over the fence. It is this external force, the reaction of the earth or air or water, which moves every animal that walks, or bird that flies, or fish that swims. It is the will of the Almighty, acting through the various stimuli of nature, that causes the desire to walk, and all the emotions and actions of men. If He shall cause any new force to act on men, their line of conduct will surely change. But if He does not,—how can it change, or be changed; how can the human race turn about, by means of its own power only, and move in a direction the reverse from that in which it has been moving throughout all the centuries of the past?

These considerations seem to indicate that nations, regarded in their relation towards each other, will go on in

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the direction in which they have been going unless acted upon by some external force.

Will civilization, commerce or Christianity impart that force?

Inasmuch as civilization is merely a condition in which men live, and an expression of their history, character and aims, it is difficult to see how it could of itself act as an external force, or cause an external force to act. "Institutions and laws are the outward manifestation of our character, the expression of its needs. Being its outcome, institutions and laws cannot change this character." (Le Bon.)

Even if the civilization of some given nation may have been brought about in some degree by forces external to that nation, yet it is clear that we must regard that civilization rather as the result of those forces than as a force itself. Besides, civilization has never yet made the relations of nations with each other more unselfish; civilized nations now and in the past, despite their veneer of courtesy, being fully as jealous of each other as the most savage tribes. That this should be so seems natural; because civilization has resulted mainly from the attempts of individuals and groups to enhance the pleasures and diminish the ills of life, and therefore cannot tend to unselfishness in either individuals or nations. Civilization in the past has not operated to soften the relations of nations with each other, so why should it do so now? Is not modern civilization, with its attendant complexities, rivalries and jealousies, provocative of quarrels rather than the reverse? In what respect is modern civilization better than past civilization, except in material conveniences due to material improvements in the mechanic arts? Are we any more artistic, strong or beautiful than the Grecians in their palmy days? Are we braver than the Spartans, more honest than the Chinamen, more spiritual than the Hindoos, more religious than the Puritans? Is not the civilization of the present day a mechanical civilization pure and simple? And has not the invention of electrical and mechanical appliances, with the resulting ensuring of communication and transportation, and the improvements in instruments of destruction, advantaged the great nations more than the weaker ones, and increased the temptation to great nations to use force rather than decreased it? Do not civilization's im-

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provements in weapons of destruction augment the effectiveness of warlike methods, as compared with the peaceful methods of argument and persuasion?

Diplomacy is an agency of civilization, that was invented to avoid war, to enable nations to accommodate themselves to each other without going to war; but, practically, diplomacy seems to have caused almost as many wars as it has averted. And even if it be granted that the influence of diplomacy has been in the main for peace rather than for war, we know that diplomacy has been in use for centuries, that its resources are well understood, and that they have all been tried out many times; and therefore we ought to realize clearly that diplomacy cannot introduce any new force into international politics now, or exert an influence for peace that will be more potent in the future than the influence that it has exerted in the past.

These considerations seem to show that we cannot reasonably expect civilization to divert nations from the path they have followed hitherto.

Can commerce impart the external force necessary to divert nations from that path?

Since commerce bears exactly the same relation to nations now as in times past, and since it is an agency within mankind itself, it is difficult to see how it can act as an external force, or cause an external force to be applied. Of course, commercial interests are often opposed to national interests, and improvements in speed and sureness of communication and transportation increase the size and power of commercial organizations. But the same factors increase the power of governments and the solidarity of nations. At no time in the past has there been more national feeling in nations than now. Even the loosely held provinces of China are forming a Chinese nation. Despite the fundamental commercialism of the age, national spirit is growing more intense, the present war being the main intensifying cause. It is true that the interests of commerce are in many ways antagonistic to those of war. But, on the other hand, of all the causes that occasion war the economic causes are the greatest. For no thing will men fight more savagely than for money; for no thing have men fought more savagely than for money; and the greater the rivalry, the more the man's life becomes devoted to it, and the more fiercely he will fight to get or keep it. Surely of all the means

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by which we hope to avoid war, the most hopeless by far is commerce.

The greatest of all hopes is in Christianity, because of its inculcation of love and kindliness, its obvious influence on the individual in cultivating unselfishness and other peaceful virtues, and the fact that it is an inspiration from On High, and therefore a force external to mankind. But let us look the facts solemnly in the face that the Christian religion has now been in effect for nearly two thousand years; that the nations now warring are Christian nations, in the very foremost rank of Christendom; that never in history has there been so much bloodshed in such widespread areas and so much hate, and that we see no signs that Christianity is employing any influence that she has not been employing for nearly two thousand years.

If we look for the influence of Christianity, we can find it in the daily lives of people, in the family, in business, in politics and in military bodies; everywhere, in fact, in Christian countries, so long as we keep inside of any organization the members of which feel bound together. This we must all admit, even the heathen know it; but where do we see any evidence of the sweetening effect of Christianity in the dealings of one organization with another with which it has no special bonds of friendship? Christianity is invoked in every warring nation now, to stimulate the patriotic spirit of the nation, and intensify the hate of the crowd against the enemy; and even if we think that such invoking is a perversion of religious influence to unrighteous ends, we must admit the fact that the Christian religion itself is at this moment being made to exert a powerful influence—not towards peace but towards war! And this should not amaze us; for where does the Bible say or intimate that love among nations will ever be brought about? The Saviour said: "I bring not peace but a sword." So what reasonable hope does even Christianity give us that war between nations will cease? And even if it did give reasonable hope, let us realize that between reasonable hope and reasonable expectation there is a great gulf fixed.

Therefore, we seem forced to the conclusion that the world will move in the future in the same direction as in the past; that nations will become larger and larger and fewer and fewer, the immediate instrument of international changes being war; and that certain nations will become

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very powerful and nearly dominate the earth in turn, as Persia, Greece, Rome and Great Britain have done,—and as some other country may do.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, a certain law of decadence seems to have prevailed, because of which every nation, after acquiring great power, has in turn succumbed to the enervating effects which seem inseparable from it, and become the victim of some newer nation, that has made strenuous preparations for long years, in secret, and finally pounced upon her as a lion on its prey.

Were it not for this tendency to decadence, we should expect that the nations of the earth would ultimately be divided into two great nations, and that these would contend for the mastery in a world-wide struggle.

But if the present rate of invention and development continues, improvements in the mechanic arts will probably cause such increase in the power of weapons of destruction, and in the swiftness and sureness of transportation and communication, that some *monster of efficiency* will have time to acquire world mastery before her period of decadence sets in.

In this event, wars will be of a magnitude besides which the present struggle will seem pygmy; and will rage over the surface of the earth, for the gaining and retaining of the mastery of the world.

Bradley A. Fiske.

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THE RUSSIAN RETREAT—AS RUSSIANS SEE IT

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE war has curiously disappointed our expectation as to the character of the nations—their real nature "under the aspect of eternity," as the phrase is; sometimes very happily disappointing us. France has come out magnificently—France, the light and frivolous nation of our tradition—so that one so little prone to toleration of the foreigner as Kipling wishes to kneel before her soldiers. England, the judicial, has set a bad example of quarrelling under fire, yet with the practical gift for adjustment and coalition that has never failed her in history. Ireland has shown herself heartily loyal and chivalrous, far more so than sullen, self-seeking Wales, while Scotland has fought as her sons love to fight. Austria is manifesting unexpected staying power, while the pugnacious Balkan States have for once fallen in love with peace. Italy, whom we blamed at first for playing politics, has done some of the most brilliant fighting of the war. There remains Germany. Here the revelation has been pitiless. The names of Belgium and the *Lusitania* are burnt into history; and nothing, it should be added, could make a worse impression than the present propaganda concerning Belgium's "guilt."

Russia we have thought of as a tragical nation; her music, her poetry, her novels, full of complaining, even her ballads sung in a minor key. And in conformity, perhaps, with this tradition of distress, Russia, after a period of advance, has suffered a series of reverses, made more difficult to bear by the noisy jubilation of her enemies, and, even more, by the lugubrious sympathizing of some of her friends. Yet in these adverse days, Russia herself is not lugubrious; on the contrary, she is blithe and confident. She is waking to the

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sense, not of her reverses, but of her latent power, and never before has she been so formidable, so resourceful, so full of poise. I have gathered notes of the feeling in Russia during this period of reverse, from many sources quite independent of each other. They all breathe the same spirit and tell the same tale. Russia is beginning, not ending, her effort for victory.

To begin with, there is through all Russia, a courageous facing of the facts. But there has been more than this: there has been the ability to see these facts in their true proportion; not through mists of gloom, as one might expect from the Russian temperament, but in that naked and open daylight which Bacon praised. I can best illustrate this clarity of Russian thought, this virile facing of realities, by reproducing the Russian accounts of some of the major reverses, like the loss of Lvoff (Lemberg) and the evacuation of Warsaw, following the sequence of events from about the beginning of June.

The fall of Przemysl on June 3, says an able Russian critic of the war, by no means marked the conclusion of the whole Galician operation, but only served as a stage in its further development. The German-Austrian advance did not end when it gained the line of the San and the Dniester. They continued their forward movement with Lemberg as their immediate objective, but with the same purpose as inspired the Austrians in August, 1914, and on exactly the same lines. But this advance was not carried out immediately after the taking of Przemysl. The period from June 3 to June 12 formed, to a certain extent, a pause between two decisive movements of the Austro-German advance. After winning Przemysl, the enemy began a re-grouping of his forces. This re-grouping was largely in Mackensen's army, which had played the dominant part in forcing the San and taking Przemysl. Now this army, and likewise the Austro-German armies of Boroevics and Böhm-Ermolli, divided before Przemysl, were drawn out in a single line; but this disposition did not last long, and gradually the army of Böhm-Ermolli occupied the line on which the army of Mackensen had previously been extended; the latter then moved to the north, and took up a position facing northeast.

Direct attacks in the direction of Lemberg were made from June 5 to June 10 at Mostsiski, chiefly by the forces of Böhm-Ermolli's army. These attacks, in spite of their

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energy and obstinacy, remained without result, and it was evidently not on them that the enemy placed his chief reliance. As in the preceding stages of the development of the Galician operations, the chief blow was delivered by the army of Mackensen, so now to this army was entrusted the task of making the decisive advance. This army began its advance considerably later than the army of Böhm-Ermolli, namely, on June 12. Its blows were directed toward the northeast, to the line of the river Lubachevka and the town of Lubacheff. The battle waged here from June 12 to June 15 ended with the withdrawal of the Russian army operating on that front, on June 15, to the line of the river Taneff, and at the same time the Russians before Lemberg, on the Mostsiski position, withdrew to a position on the Gorodski lakes—that is, to the last, but at the same time the strongest, defensive line on the direct road to Lemberg. After this, when their adversaries succeeded in pressing them back on the line of the Taneff and the Gorodski lakes, they made no pause at all before entering on new operations and the further development of their advance. This advance was continued very energetically toward the northeast, on the towns of Tseshanuff, occupied by the Germans on June 16, and Rawa Ruska. Simultaneously with this, the enemy's attacks progressed on the line of the Gorodski lakes. Details of the battles carried on along this front have not, up to the present, been published, but evidently on the Gorodski line the enemy was not able to gain any very noteworthy successes. More successful were his activities toward the northeast, in the direction of Rawa Ruska, which led to the evacuation of the Russian positions in these towns. Evidently this German success was the chief cause of the Russians leaving the position on the Gorodski lakes, on June 20.

With their withdrawal from this position, the fate of Lemberg was decided, since between the Gorodski lakes and Lemberg itself there was no defensive line on which it would be possible to hold the enemy with any greater chance of success than before. None the less, the Russian armies did not leave without fighting; and on June 21 and the following night were fought obstinate rear-guard actions, in which the enemy was not able to force the Russian armies out. The taking of Lemberg by the Austrian and German armies marked a period of halt in the course of the Galician campaign. The immediate problem which the enemy had set

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himself—to drive the Russian armies out of Galicia—was almost accomplished, since those parts of Galicia which have hitherto remained in Russian hands have no great significance either for us or for our enemies. Immediately after this success, the Austro-Germans undertook another operation, of a more serious character—an advance into Russian territory. As in August, 1914, this advance, moving in a north-easterly direction, towards Kholm, and later towards Brest-Litovsk, was for the purpose of securing the whole kingdom of Poland and the line of the Vistula, throughout its entire length. Successes of the Austro-Germans in this direction would sooner or later compel the Russians, for purely mechanical reasons, to evacuate the whole of Poland, and to retire on the Brest-Litovsk line. This is the aim which the Teutonic Allies set themselves in August, 1914, and they have the same purpose now.

Thus the only Galician territory remaining in Russian hands was the lower course of the Dniester below Halicz. This region had not remained inactive. Here also battles were fought, of a serious, obstinate character, and here also the Germans and Austrians repeatedly undertook efforts to cross to the left bank of the Dniester. Important efforts were launched on June 15, when the enemy forces succeeded in gaining the left bank of the Dniester in three deep curves; but all their efforts to advance from these, and to occupy the northern bank of the river on a more extended front, remained unsuccessful. Beginning with June 15, and continuing till June 21, obstinate battles were fought, with notable successes for Russia. Not only was the enemy not permitted to leave the bends of the river occupied by him, but he was driven into their recesses, and at the same time many prisoners were taken. During the last three days of this battle alone, from June 19 to June 21, the Russians took more than 6,000 prisoners. Their army, holding the line of the Gnila Lipa, was also furiously attacked, beginning with June 28. In the course of several days, the enemy, suffering enormous losses at this point, succeeded in establishing himself on the left bank of the Gnila Lipa, and this was bound to have an effect on the regions of the Dniester further to the south-east. "In general," says the writer, "the whole of the fighting on the Dniester, which lasted more than a month, went well for us. We inflicted serious blows on our enemy and took from 80,000 to 90,000 prisoners on the Dniester

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front. The armies of Generals Linsingen and Pflanzer operating on this front, were continuously reinforced, yet, in spite of these reinforcements, their armies are at present not only no stronger than at the beginning, but are actually weaker. Our official sources fix the losses of General Linsingen's army alone, operating on a front of 60 versts [40 miles] at from 120,000 to 150,000 men in a month. As the total number of this army was not much more than this, it follows that, in the course of a month, it was entirely renewed."

This was written, of course, while Warsaw was still in Russian hands, although this clear-eyed observer frankly forecast its loss. Let us take up the parable again a month or more later, on August 10, following, this time, the account of another writer.

Five days have already passed, he begins, and the fall of Warsaw, after which the end of the war was promised to the Germans, has not changed the general strategical position at all. Even further withdrawal from Warsaw and the line of the middle Vistula, if this should become inevitable in the immediate future, will be dictated not so much by the German occupation of Warsaw as by the appearance of considerable new German forces on the Narew front, between Lomza and Rojan. When the reinforcement of Generals Scholz and Gallwitz, at the expense of the armies on the western front, began to threaten the right flank of the Warsaw group of armies, then, evidently, measures for our withdrawal from the line of the middle Vistula were taken. This movement was also closely bound up with the gathering of the harvest, which had not only to be reaped, but also conveyed to the rear. Now, when all this has been accomplished, and the tactical problem of our Warsaw group of armies—to prevent Prince Leopold's carrying the bridges—is ended, then the longer presence of these armies in Warsaw must, in a strategical sense, be counted purposeless. The approach of superior German forces in the region of Ostrov was likewise a cause of our withdrawal for a distance of nearly 70 versts (46 miles). The almost unopposed withdrawal of our Warsaw armies from the line of the middle Vistula was guaranteed by the enormous losses which we inflicted on the armies of Generals Scholz and Gallwitz in the Narew battles. Only a shadow of them remained; all that was best of them found a final resting place on our defensive

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line on the river Narew and its approaches. This loss, of course, the Germans will immediately make good, but, while this is being done, our Warsaw armies will have time to retire to the east. This will delay the junction of the northern German armies of Scholz and Gallwitz with the southern armies of Joseph-Ferdinand and Mackensen. In a strategical sense, Riga is necessary to the Germans. Drawn on by our retreat from the Shavli region and by reports of the evacuation of Riga, the Germans persuaded themselves that they could take Riga with their bare hands. With this aim, they planned to attack Riga simultaneously by land and sea. Their fleet, after destroying the mine-fields, was to have entered the Gulf of Riga; and the left wing of Bülow's army, one and a half to two army corps in strength, was to have attacked Riga from the direction of the river Missa, while a strong offensive was also made from the direction of Schönberg. But Germany's land army was completely defeated on August 4. The German fleet, carrying out the difficult task of mine-sweeping in the Gulf of Riga, may have been ignorant of the defeat of Bülow's army before Riga, so that, in the final result, the two attacks failed to co-ordinate. The attack by sea at the mouth of the Gulf of Riga was as unsuccessful as the land attack, since the German fleet of nine battleships, twelve cruisers, and a great number of torpedo boats lost one cruiser and two torpedo boats without accomplishing anything. On the same day, August 8, a strong German advance-guard at Schönberg suffered defeat, being driven from several villages and thrown back with heavy losses, and on the night of August 8 a desperate attack on Kovno was repulsed with very large German losses. These important events on the front between the Dwina and the Niemen quite distinctly show that the Germans are seeking to gain spectacular successes near, or on the direct road to, our capital, Petrograd, for the sake of the effect on the Balkan States. But the wide extent of this new field of operations, its strategical character, and the liberation of a notable part of our armies, set free from the Warsaw front, with a marked shortening of our line—all this permits us to view the new German operations with equanimity.

On the date when the foregoing was printed, August 10, *Novoe Vremya* contained this note: "Every day through Riga pass parties of German prisoners, captured in the Mitau region. The majority of them are boys of 17

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or 18, frightfully weary, and in rags. Most of them are barefoot."

We glean from these accounts not so much the Russian view of the events of the great retreat, as the spirit in which Russia views these events. Let us glance, now, at a summary of the lessons of the first year of the war, from the Russian point of view:

The most careful study of both battle-fronts in the east and west, says the writer whom I am paraphrasing, and the unanimous declarations of authoritative participants in the war, lead to the conclusion that the Teutonic armies, though very strong, have nevertheless not produced the results expected of them. For the Austrian armies, before the war, complete destruction was prophesied, in case of conflict with Russia. This forecast has been realized: at the present time, the Austrian army, as an independent whole, has ceased to exist. Before the war, we counted the German army a very serious enemy, but not invincible. This has also been confirmed. Soldiers and officers, lieutenants and Field Marshals, have shown themselves in action just what we knew them to be before the war began. Their military art poured itself into moulds well known to us. We saw their ideas and future operations in the war-games at Berlin and their garrisons, in the major and minor manœuvres. All this is not new. Our art and knowledge have not yielded place to the German, and have outstripped those diligent pupils of the German school—the Austrians. Our soldier has shown himself the superior even of the German soldier. In spite of the fact that to the generally well-educated German soldier have been opposed so many representatives of our backwoods bear's dens, who have learned only in the barrack schools, and many of whom have not even finished the course there, every one of our soldiers has shown himself a conscious warrior, strong in soul and body, splendidly comprehending his work and independently fulfilling it. While, in attacking even weakly defended positions, German generals have had to send their soldiers forward in dense masses, and by this means artificially endow them with courage and tenacity, our Russian soldiers, though often greatly outnumbered, go forward on their own initiative to certain death, because they understand the necessity of self-sacrifice, and, of their own wills, strain towards it.

In order to make their chances of victory equal to ours,

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the Germans adopted the principle of securing an enormous superiority of forces, and organized all their advances in such a way that at the moment of attack they have always greatly surpassed us in numbers. To be always stronger than one's adversary—this is an art, and we cannot deny to our opponent the credit of having mastered it. But the whole experience of the war has shown that, thanks to the superiority of our soldiers over the German soldiers, and, even more, over the Austrian soldiers, a superiority in force, even when considerable, did not make victory certain, but that still another factor was necessary. That this factor also would be present on the battlefield was also well known, for the principles of "fire tactics," that is, giving the chief and decisive rôle, not to the soldiers, but to weapons and munitions, was set forth in the German literature of military science. And so the Germans acted in the battles of this war. One thing alone exceeded all expectation and conjecture: this was the quantity of the weapons and munitions which the Germans brought into action. Such a concentration of artillery fire as we see in the present battles no one foretold or foresaw. And in this, up to the present, our adversary has gained an undoubted success, for no human heroism could stand against this preternatural, more than marvelous, water-spout of fire and steel. It swept aside everything in its course; it opened the way for the German soldiers in every case where the German army was successful.

So far, our Russian writers.

But Russia has no intention of letting Germany keep the upper hand in this matter of weapons and munitions. Already from three directions new supplies are pouring into her battle-fronts: from the north, the port of Archangelsk, which will very soon be supplemented by a new ice-free port on the Lapland coast, kept open all the year by the warm current of the Gulf Stream which bends round the north of Norway, and in process of being joined by railroad to central Russia; from her Pacific ports, whence a continuous supply —interrupted at a critical moment for Russia by the threat of trouble in China—is once again pouring along the Trans-Siberian railroad, a supply steadily increasing in volume, under the stimulus of Russia's former rival and present ally on the Pacific; and from the third source, the machine-shops and factories of Russia herself, which are being pressed to the utmost possible output by the very remarkable move-

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ment which is popularly called "the mobilization of the Russian nation." Whether yet a fourth source will shortly be added, coming through the gates of the Dardanelles, is a secret which lies in the lap of the gods.

Students of English Constitutional history remember that the whole practical power of the House of Commons—the model of all representative bodies throughout the world—was developed through one thing: the right to vote supplies to the Crown, which entailed the right to withhold supplies. This was the Archimedes lever of modern Democracy. There is evidence that the present war, and particularly the present reverses of the Russian army, may play something the same rôle for the Duma; for that body, whose name suggests deliberative rather than executive power, is in process of gaining a real grasp on the government of the nation. Should this development really take place, this will be among the greatest and most vital results of the war, because it will mean so much for the moral growth of that great nation in whose hands rests, inevitably, the golden key of the future.

A concluding word: Such is the retreat, as Russians see it. How, in their hearts, do the really wise and far-sighted men in Germany see it? What face does it bear to them, with the early Winter already upon them, the first frosts announcing the time, close at hand, when iron ground will make the digging of trenches well-nigh impossible, when snow-drifts will pile mountainous obstacles in the way of their daily supply of munitions and food? They know, too, that Russia's supply of men is well-nigh inexhaustible, while they themselves are near the bottom of the purse. Do they foresee already, with startling clarity, that their army of invasion has come to stay? —that the world-war, as they prophesied, is really being decided on the eastern front, though not in the sense of their prophesies? If there be men in Germany with genuine foresight and wisdom, I think they regard the retreat of Russia's armies with a dismay akin to terror.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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OIL ON THE CARIBBEAN AND ELSEWHERE

BY CHESTER LLOYD JONES

THE conditions which underlie sea-power are, almost unnoticed, undergoing a revolution. The nineteenth century saw the abandonment of the wind-driven craft, upon which the world had relied since the beginning of history, in favor of vessels propelled by coal and steam. The twentieth century promises a change no less remarkable. Coal as fuel is rapidly yielding place to petroleum, and gas-driven motors seem about to crowd out the steam engine.

The change to oil as fuel for big ships is already in progress. Almost all large vessels whose routes carry them near oil fields are being fitted to use petroleum instead of coal. The change from the steam engine to the gas motor is coming more slowly. The crude petroleum-consuming motor has only recently emerged from the experimental stage, but it seems highly probable that in a few years it will play an important part in both the merchant marines and navies of the world.

There are already in operation motor-driven Danish merchantmen of 7,000 tons, "sailing" in the far eastern trade, and two German firms are building vessels of this pattern which will register 10,000 tons. But even if the motor-driven liners and battleships never arrive, or are delayed, the oil-driven liners and battleships are present-day facts.

The nation which controls the oil supply possesses one of the great factors upon which ocean-borne commerce will depend, and about which naval policies will turn. Most fortunate of all is the nation which controls oil supplies lying near the points where the world's great trade routes cross. In time of peace such resources will find a ready

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market, and in time of war they will prove possessions of the greatest strategic importance.

The public has not realized the steps already taken by the great naval Powers to prepare for the shift to oil as a fuel for their battleships. All the battleships of the American Navy built in the last eight years use oil for fuel, eight use it as auxiliary to coal, four use it exclusively. The dreadnoughts *Oklahoma* and *Nevada* use oil exclusively; and forty-one of our destroyers, built or building, use oil fuel only. Storage facilities are being proportionately increased. Oiling stations are replacing coaling stations. In 1912, steps were taken for the construction of fuel oil tanks at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; Melville, Rhode Island; Norfolk, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina; and Key West, Florida. Five tanks are under construction at Guantanamo, Cuba. The combined capacity of all these is 3,890,000 gallons. During the year 1912, the navy used 14,146,714 gallons, as compared with 7,778,657 gallons in the previous year. Our present oil-burning fleet would require 23,000 tons of fuel oil to keep it in active service for a single month.

"Henceforth," Secretary of the Navy Daniels has said, "all the fighting ships which are added to the fleet will use oil, and the transition from coal to oil will mark an era in our naval development almost comparable with the change from black powder to smokeless powder for our guns."

But more significant is the recently announced intention of the British Admiralty that all British warships to be built from now on will use oil for fuel exclusively. This action is one which will almost certainly be followed by other naval Powers. The performance of the oil-driven vessels in the present war has been especially satisfactory. The great super-dreadnought, *Queen Elizabeth*, which did such effective work in the Dardanelles, is completely oil-driven, and shows that the use of this fuel is not limited by the size of the vessel.

The change in the propelling power of our ships of war and peace marks the beginning of a new chapter in marine affairs. It is especially significant for the great naval Powers—a fact which has not escaped their attention. But it so happens the oil wealth of the world lies very largely in the hands of nations which are either outclassed in naval competition, or are peculiarly hampered by circumstances. This is, of course, explained by the fact that oil resources

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were unknown or unappreciated at the time of the making of the treaties determining the ownership of the regions in which they lie. In any great war in which control of the sea becomes a major issue, their continued possession by the weaker Powers can hardly fail to be called in question. Only the practically complete control of the sea by one group of Powers has prevented the raising of the issue in the present conflict. For this reason, the possession of oil resources still remains as it was when the conflict broke out. The facts at present are these: The greatest oil wells of the Far East are in the Dutch East Indies, the greatest in the Near East lie in Russian territory near the Caspian. Russia is a great Power, but for historical reasons she has never been a naval Power of the first importance. Whether the present war will create conditions which will free her from that limitation remains to be seen. Next in importance among European wells are those in Roumania, from which Germany has received large quantities in the present war. The great oil fields discovered in the New World have until recently been almost exclusively in the United States. Curiously enough, therefore, the developed oil resources are controlled by non-naval Powers, with the exception of those held by the United States, the product of which, in 1912, was three times that of the Russian fields and more than a hundred times that of the Mexican region, the two nearest competitors.

But what of the oil regions which may be discovered in the future? In whose territory will they lie, and to whose commercial and naval strength will they contribute? It needs no argument to prove that every naval Power will be eager to explore and develop its own oil resources and to get control of any other source of supply possible.

It is from the latter point of view that oil development becomes of great interest to the Government of the United States. Owning the most productive oil fields yet discovered in the world, there is no question of the adequacy of our supply to meet any demand which may be made upon it for naval purposes, but the control which might be secured by other Powers over oil regions lying in or near districts in which we have important interests, must necessarily be for us a matter of great importance.

In no region of the world is the importance of this question to the United States so great as in the Caribbean coun-

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tries, for there lies the most natural field for expansion of American trade and enterprise, and through the Caribbean lie the great new trade routes of the twentieth century. Also, in no region of the world are there better prospects for the discovery and development of important oil resources. In fact, from Tampico to Trinidad there is a group of countries which promise better for oil development at present than any similar area in the world. Oil development in the Caribbean is still in its infancy. It began barely fifteen years ago, but there seems to be every reason to believe that there will develop close at hand a cheap, unexcelled fuel supply to serve the rapidly increasing commerce of the region.

The opening of the Louisiana and Texas oil fields had created a desire to explore the possibilities in Mexico long before active steps were taken to do so. The existence of oil in that country had long been known. It is said that the Aztecs used the petroleum which oozed from the soil near Tampico in the ceremonies of their temples, but no serious attempt was made to bring the deposits to commercial use until about 1900. Then an American from San Francisco visited the Tampico region, and on his return organized a company of local capitalists to exploit the "new" oil region. The product, at first, was poor, and could be used only for fuel, but as development progressed better grades were discovered. Soon the Mexican national railways adopted oil as fuel for their engines. An oil company which was at that time in high favor with President Diaz got extensive concessions. An English firm became interested, and Mexican oil production started on a rapid increase.

In 1900, the country was practically unknown among oil producing regions. In 1907, it produced a million barrels; in 1912, about sixteen million; in 1913, twenty-six million. There were thirty companies operating, and Mexico ranked next after the United States and Russia in total oil production. In 1913, tank steamer shipments from Mexico to the Argentine to supply fuel for the Argentine Railways were begun. The shipments of crude oil from Tampico to the United States indicates the rapid increase of the foreign trade in oil: 5,805,476 barrels were sent in 1912; 11,150,399 in 1913, and, in spite of disturbed conditions due to the war at home, 11,710,508 were sent in the following year. Our consul reported that, had conditions remained normal,

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double this amount would have been sent to the United States alone. Early in 1915 all drilling and development work was ordered stopped by the authorities, and the companies shut down production except in the wells where high pressure made that impossible. Early in 1915 almost half the tankers taking oil from Tampico were shifted to the European route because of the unusual demands created by the war.

The towers of the Tampico-Tuxpan region make a landscape comparable to the busiest sections of the Pennsylvania fields in their most active days. Some of the wells have been producing at an unprecedented rate. The largest gusher near Tampico, known as Potrero del Llano No. 4, flowed 120,000 barrels a day for over three months before it was finally capped. No other single well of which there is record has equalled this performance. How great the Mexican oil resources may prove to be we can only conjecture. If conservative estimates are to be relied upon, oil within the next generation will prove for her a greater source of wealth than her gold and silver mines ever were. The oil fields of the United States, which have played so important a part in the industry, cover a combined area of 8,300,000 acres. Those of the Tampico-Tuxpan region alone cover 5,000,000 acres, and their possibilities are only beginning to declare themselves. Nor are these fields the measure of those found in Mexico. Other regions where oil is known to exist have as yet not been opened to exploitation, and their possibilities are unknown.

Central America has no important oil development, though the prospects there are declared to be highly promising. Engineers are already prospecting in the six republics, and the great oil interests are asking concessions to cover whatever oil wealth they may discover.

The fields that now excite the greatest expectation and interest are farther south. Beyond Panama lie unexploited oil regions which, judging by their extent, at least, promise to do more than even the Mexican fields to make the Caribbean a center of world interest. These prospects lie in the two great republics of northern South America, all within easy distance of the sea, and of a combined extent greater than the area of the Republic of Panama. One lies along the coasts of the Gulf of Darien, close to the Panama boundary line; another is between the Atrato River and the

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Pacific, thus furnishing possibilities of supplying fuel to vessels on the west coast of South America. This field is almost as close to the canal on the Pacific side as the first is on the Atlantic. The other fields, greatest of all in extent, lie in the valley of the Magdalena River, not too far distant from the sea to be reached by pipe lines, but capable also of being reached directly by water transport.

The oil resources of the neighboring republic, Venezuela, have not yet been determined. Since 1912 one American company has maintained a large corps of engineers in various parts of the country making expert examination of oil and asphalt prospects. Still another is reported to be making extensive surveys. A dozen different interests were reported in the field, each with a geologist, in 1913, and developments of a substantial character were started by a British concern, with a concession covering 3,000 acres. Off the coast of Venezuela lies the British island of Trinidad, in which earnest efforts are being made to develop oil wells. Although the industry is just beginning, 148 wells have been drilled, of which forty-one were sunk in 1914. Of these, eighteen were productive and the output for the year was 563,000 barrels.

Nine different companies are drilling for oil in the southern half of the island. Two companies are to erect refineries, and the British Admiralty is prepared to purchase there a portion of the navy's fuel oil. In fact, Trinidad, like other Caribbean ports, is ambitious to become one of the chief fuel oil stations of the world, especially with the development of commerce through the Panama Canal. It must be said, however, that, thus far, though the oil wells are successful, there seems little likelihood that the island will become one of the world's great producing areas.

The importance of the control of oil as a factor in the international politics of the Caribbean can hardly be overemphasized. It may mean not only the dominance of the resources which determine the economic growth of the republics and colonies of the surrounding coasts, but it will have an important effect on the marine policies, and therefore on the political influence, of the countries competing for position in naval affairs.

The control of oil resources is not an economic problem only, such as may be presented by concessions granted for the building of lighting plants, street railways, mines, or even

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great railway trunk lines. All concessions, when granted to foreigners, are likely to raise questions touching the extent to which the rights of foreign investors will be forcibly protected by their Governments. But beyond such vicarious and indirect interest, every great nation, which feels that its control of oil resources measures its international mercantile and naval power, will be prompted to support its subjects in ways and degrees which will make our previous disputes over asphalt grants and railway concessions insignificant in comparison.

The Government of the United States will assuredly not be slow to see the importance of the oil supplies in the neighboring republics as an influence bearing upon its own foreign policy. Our interests in this matter have thus far been brought into contrast only with those of one other Power, but the general policy which we may adopt will have a much wider application. So far as a supply for our own governmental needs is concerned, no question is apt to arise; but the degree to which other nations may get *de facto* control of Caribbean oil resources may be, for us, a matter of great moment, causing this Government to consider again the interpretation which is to be placed on the Monroe Doctrine. Political possession of territory now in the control of American States cannot be secured by European Powers. That is an established American policy. Economic absorption of resources by the nationals of foreign countries has heretofore been left unregulated. But if the economic control of Latin American development, by European capital, is allowed to progress unchecked, it must give rise to an increasing number of difficult situations for the United States. The control of oil resources, especially, may mean a shift in military power in the Caribbean which would make the defense of the Monroe Doctrine increasingly difficult. Oil, it will thus be seen, is important from the point of view of international politics as well as that of commerce.

Where the Caribbean oil regions lie within the limits of European colonies, they are on a par with other resources so far as the United States is concerned. Our State Department could raise no objection to their development by whatever means might seem best to the owners. Technically, the same thing would be true of the regions lying in the Latin Republics. *De facto,* the United States cannot view with indifference the auspicies under which the development

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occurs there. Especially is this true when the interests of the corporation doing the work would be closely allied to the military interests of the home country.

We must realize that the development of the oil fields of the Caribbean is fundamentally different from the development of other national resources. Oil is a political, as well as an economic, factor in the development of the region which is necessarily the most important sphere of interest of the United States. To state the same fact in another way, we are to realize that the Monroe Doctrine involves not only a political policy, but an economic policy, and that to neglect the latter may endanger the former.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

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EFFICIENCY IN THE NATIONAL GUARD

BY ADJUTANT GENERAL WILBUR F. SADLER, JR., NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW JERSEY

THE Organized Militia, commonly known as the National Guard, is now regarded as a part of the first line of defense of our country, and the problem of how to make it more efficient is therefore of primary importance to those interested in adequate national defense. It especially concerns The Adjutants General of the various States, who, in addition to being responsible for the administration, equipment and efficiency of the militia, are the military advisers of the Governors, and represent the States in their relations with the War Department.

In 1792, four years after the adoption of the Constitution, Congress passed the first militia law, which was entitled "An act to more effectually provide for the national defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States." The requirements of this law included compulsory enlistment and performance of military duty on the part of every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 45. It required that each person enrolled should, at his own expense, be constantly provided with arms, ammunition, uniform and equipment, and that mounted officers and enlisted cavalrymen should furnish horses at least 14½ hands high. No uniformity as to bore of rifles, kind of equipment, color or fashion of uniform was prescribed. Few armed themselves as was intended, and on training days, if the testimony of witnesses can be relied upon, more reported shouldering cornstalks than rifles, and such a ludicrous appearance was presented that the entire system soon became a farce. Because the law carried no appropriation for proper arms and equipment, the training days became more and more useless, and the various States, realizing the inadequacy of the militia thus organized, gradually assumed the power of legislating for it, finally dealing with it as a State

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force, which is really the organization it is considered to be to-day.

Commencing in 1808, and for more than a quarter of a century thereafter, $200,000 was annually appropriated by Congress to be divided among the States for the purpose of procuring arms and equipments. Notwithstanding the inefficiency shown by the militia during the War of 1812-1815, Congress did not pass any further legislation until 1820, when a law was enacted, providing "That the system of field exercises and discipline which is, and shall be, ordered to be observed in the regular army of the United States, in the different corps of infantry, artillery and riflemen shall be observed in the militia, in the exercise and discipline of said corps, respectively, throughout the United States."

Despite the passage of this act, there was little or no supervision or direction by Federal authority and it is not surprising that, because of the many disadvantages under which the militia operated, it was inefficient for over a century of its history and utterly failed when put to the test of actual service during the wars in which we were engaged from 1812 to 1898. In 1903, one hundred and eleven years after the first militia law was enacted, Congress passed "An act to promote the efficiency of the militia, and for other purposes." This law is known as the "Dick Act," and under its provisions and later supplements a great change has taken place in the militia, increasing its efficiency more than in all of its previous history.

In a discussion of the ways and means for devising an effective reserve for the regular army, the public should bear in mind that the National Guard is no longer a social institution upon whose dandified uniforms, which were anything but practical, money was lavished, and which devoted its time to acquiring proficiency in fancy drills and evolutions that made a pretty display at times of public ceremony, but had little connection with the stern duties of a real soldier. At the present time proficiency in marksmanship is encouraged, practical lessons pertaining to the duties of the soldier in the field are taught at camps of instruction under the direct supervision of army officers, as well as the thousand and one things that make military science a science indeed.

The War Department is now guiding the military policy, prescribing the organization, armament, equipment, disci-

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pline and instruction of the militia, and has detailed instructors who are officers of the army, to assist and advise in regard to the military policy of each State, with the idea of having the militia work in harmony with the regular army and become an asset in carrying out plans for national defense.

The great change that has taken place in the militia during the last six years is strikingly illustrated by what has been accomplished in New Jersey during that period. Up to 1908, the activities of the National Guard were limited to close order drills in armories during the drill season, rifle practise and the encampment of each unit for one week during the Summer. The armory work resulted in little more than proficiency in such drills, and the most serious work attempted at the encampments was close and extended order drills, the evening parade, guard mount and weekly reviews given to the Governor. No manœuvres were attempted; rifle practise was undertaken without instruction in the theory of shooting or the nomenclature of the rifle; rations were prepared by civilian cooks hired by the Quartermaster General's Department, the net result of which was of little practical value.

In 1909, the character of the encampment was changed and each organization attending was required to make use of enlisted men as cooks, draw their rations as they would in the field, and prepare and serve them as in active service. Practise marches were undertaken, men were instructed in making and breaking camp, and small manœuvre problems were solved. All this produced good results in eliminating a great deal of the entertaining that had theretofore been a prominent feature of camp life, and displaced many useless ceremonies which had consumed valuable time.

In the latter part of 1909, the War Department detailed non-commissioned officers to assist in drill and instruction, and in 1911 there was sent to New Jersey a commissioned officer as inspector-instructor. Almost immediately after his arrival a system of service schools, the first of its kind to be adopted by any State, was established for officers and non-commissioned officers of all arms of the service. The course of instruction prescribed covers a period of four years, is progressive in character, and requires that all commissioned officers shall attend the schools at stated periods and solve and submit problems prepared by the inspector-

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instructors. Any officer who fails to attend regularly or pass the prescribed examinations is ineligible for promotion, and those who fail are requested to make place for others who are more diligent and proficient.

After the service schools were inaugurated, the National Guard was reorganized to conform to the regular army. This resulted in thirty-nine officers of high rank being placed on the unassigned list, including a Major General and his staff of Colonels and Majors, one Brigadier General and his staff, certain officers of the Adjutant General's Department, the Quartermaster General's Department, the Judge Advocate General's Department, the Inspector General's Department, the Ordnance Department, the Medical Department and the Corps of Engineers.

A school of musketry was established in 1913, which has been conducted during the Winter in the various armories of the State, and in the Summer on the rifle range. It has for its object, practical and theoretical training in the knowledge and use of the rifle, its firing effect, and the principles of fire control and fire discipline. The interest created in this school (which was the first to be established in any State) has exceeded all expectations.

The indoor drill season begins on the first day of September and lasts until the first day of May. During that period the officers attend service schools, lectures and drills, which require their presence in the armories on an average of three nights a week, and the enlisted men attend weekly drills and the school of musketry. At the close of the drill season this year a camp of instruction was held for officers of the infantry and quartermaster corps under the supervision of ten regular army officers, at which camp, practical work was accomplished and theoretical problems were solved. Succeeding this a school of musketry was held at the rifle range for a period of three days, attended by those who had, in the judgment of the officers in charge of the musketry schools, proven themselves proficient. As an incentive and reward for the work done, the State team for the National matches, which now must consist of an equal number of officers below the rank of Major and enlisted men, is selected from the students who make the best record at the final tryout at the school of musketry.

Because sufficient funds were not provided the infantry organizations were unable to go into camp this year, but the

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non-commissioned officers of our five infantry regiments were encamped at Sea Girt for a period of one week in order to attend a school of instruction. This encampment proved to be one of the most instructive ever held in our State. The work began at daylight and ended at dusk, and was most practical in nature. Camp duties, including the preparation of rations, camp sanitation, digging of trenches, the control of fire, and all measures which during the Winter had been systematically covered in theory were demonstrated.

Field artillery officers went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to attend the School of Fire, and later with their non-commissioned officers to Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, where the Government conducts one of its artillery camps. Subsequently, the two batteries of field artillery were also sent to the latter place. Cavalry officers and non-commissioned officers were sent to Fort Myer, Virginia, and the squadron to Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania. Officers and non-commissioned officers of the Signal Corps company were sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and upon their return their company participated in a week's practise march. The officers and non-commissioned officers of the medical corps were sent to Tobyhanna, and later, the field hospital and ambulance company were there for ten days. The practical phases of the subjects covered in the armory schools during the Winter were taken up at these camps and were worked out in the surrounding country under actual service conditions, under the guidance of regular army officers detailed for that purpose. This work was facilitated by the presence of regulars who were commended during the manœuvres by the militia officers.

What has been accomplished in New Jersey is more or less true of each State. It must not be forgotten that the Organized Militia is composed almost entirely of men engaged in professions, trades and other lines of activity upon which they depend for a livelihood. Leading militia authorities are of the opinion that, before it can progress beyond its present standard of efficiency, it will be necessary for the Federal Government to increase its appropriation for maintenance and provide some measure of pay for the officers and enlisted men in recognition of the great amount of time devoted to the performance of the duties required by the War Department. Through its representatives, the Organized Militia, after an effort of more than four years, in confer-

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ence with the army officers designated by the War Department, have agreed upon the terms of a pay bill. This so-called pay bill was introduced by Senator Chamberlain during the recent session of Congress, and provides pay for officers below the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and for the enlisted man in an amount equal to one-fourth of that paid to the same grade in the army. The pay is contingent upon and proportionate to the amount of actual duty performed. The bill, if enacted into law, will give the militia, in addition to its State duties, the status of the Federal soldier, consolidate the forty-eight State units, with their varying interests, under a central authority, and will subject the National Guard to call by the President for duty within or without the borders of the country, which service can not be compelled under the existing law. It will give the officers enough to reimburse them for the outlays they must necessarily make and provide remuneration for the enlisted man for his service, be the means of maintaining discipline, increase efficiency, and give to the United States a body of citizen soldiery that can be depended upon at proportionately less cost than is now required to maintain officers and enlisted men of the regular army.

The greatest difficulty that the National Guard of the various States has to overcome is the matter of enlistments, and it is regretted that there are employers in every section of the United States who show active hostility to the militia by discouraging their employes from performing military duties, fearing they may, at inconvenient times, be called from their occupations. They do not seem to realize it is to their advantage to encourage the National Guard, to make sacrifices for it, and take more than perfunctory interest in their local military organization. A unit of the militia in any city or town is a protection against any catastrophe that may occur, and the discipline of the men and the training they receive, in attention to duty, promptness, carefulness, neatness, good health and moral character, all tend to increase their efficiency. In the event of war, the young militiaman goes to the front as the representative of the business men, and all employers who love their country should be willing to do their part in upholding the hands of those who may be called upon to defend them.

Another powerful but subtle influence that works against the upbuilding of the Organized Militia is found in the agi-

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tator class of organized labor. Their argument is that the militia is maintained for the purpose of breaking strikes, and the young men who can be so influenced are, as a rule, those best fitted for service in the militia. To lessen this influence, the preparation and publication of articles in magazines which would give an intelligent description of what the militia is, the part it should take in national defense, and showing that unless we have a militia, we must, of necessity, have a large standing army would be of immense service.

The National Guard should only be used when absolutely necessary to protect life and property after all other means have failed, and labor leaders, having the best interest of their followers at heart, should be interested in doing everything practicable to break down the mistaken idea that the militia is a creature of the vicious employer. The very thought of strike duty repels young men who have direct union affiliations, and this feeling extends to those who dislike to enter an organization which may be employed against their fellow citizens in times of labor difficulties, where order should be maintained by a State police force.

School children should be taught, not only respect for the flag of their country, but for the uniform, whose wearers exhibit in times of peace the highest degree of patriotism by voluntarily enlisting in the National Guard and showing a willingness to risk their lives, if need be, for the maintenance of national security and honor.

Camps of instruction for civilians are being held in various sections of the country, at which business men are given a few weeks' training in the art of war with little or no permanent result except to call attention to our state of unpreparedness. If the same zeal that has been evidenced in those camps were manifested in securing enlistments for the National Guard, if the youth of the land were taught respect for the uniform, if the security leagues and peace societies would devote their endeavors to the upbuilding of the Organized Militia, if employers and labor leaders would encourage militia service, and Congress pass the pay bill, we would soon have a body of two hundred and fifty thousand efficient men, enlisted for a definite period for duty within or without the United States, which could be quickly raised to war strength.

WILBUR F. SADLER, JR.

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CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15

BY ALAN SEEGER

In the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne.

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . .

That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

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There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days. . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in color and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have known;

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the belovéd shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear!

Honor them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music or bright gathering lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

ALAN SEEGER.
Deuxième Régiment Étranger

Champagne, France, July, 1915.

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CULTURE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

THERE is nothing in the world more elusive than culture. One cannot define or circumscribe it, for it has no precise bounds. One cannot analyze it, for its components are infinite. One cannot describe it, for it is Protean in shape. An attempt to encompass its meaning in words is like trying to seize the air in the hand, when one finds it is everywhere except within one's grasp. Culture is like what the ancient Hebrews called wisdom in that it has no fixed habitation, but is all-pervading and imponderable in its essence. Everyone who has experienced it knows something of it; no one knows it all; to no two people does it wear exactly the same aspect; and yet to all who have in it any share it appears real, substantial and of measureless worth.

In general, the term is used to denote something distinct from a command of the tools of one's trade. The lawyer, for example, or the physician, or the engineer, may have a complete mastery of all the technical learning of his profession without possessing culture. This is evident at once when he comes into contact with men of other professions. He may talk profoundly about his own subject, but have nothing intellectual in common with the other men if he lives within the four walls of his own occupation and his vision is strictly limited thereby.

That so large a part of general conversation in America relates to the weather, to politics, and to sport, is not so much because these things are intrinsically more interesting or variable than in other countries, as because they are among the few subjects that everyone is familiar with and can talk about. Professional learning is, no doubt, cultivating, but standing alone, it is not culture, for the reason that it is circumscribed and includes only a narrow part of the

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stream of human thought. For a lawyer to look through the microscope of a man of science increases his means of culture, for it broadens his ideas by revealing to his sight things before unknown. But the scientific man who can see only through his microscope has a very restricted vision of the world; and the same thing is true of every pursuit when restricted to its own limited field. When Charles Darwin said that in his later life he lost interest in almost everything except the pursuit of his own scientific studies, he stated that he was losing his sense of culture; and unless the loss promoted in some way his great work it was a misfortune.

At one time, not yet very remote, culture denoted a definite body of knowledge, the common possession of all educated men, the boundaries of which were fairly well defined by the curriculum of what was called a liberal education. The conception of such a distinction between liberal or polite learning and other information, underlay the squib current at Oxford about Jowett:

> My name is Benjamin Jowett,
> I'm the Master of Balliol College,
> Whate'er can be known, I know it,
> And what I don't know is not knowledge.

But with the rapid growth of human knowledge, with the rise in rank of new professions to the same level as the older ones, with the extension of the subjects taught in a scholarly way in the institutions of higher learning, it has become obviously impossible for anyone to know more than a small part of the things that are properly termed liberal or polite. There has wholly ceased to be any fixed body of knowledge that every well educated man can be expected to possess. Nor, save the great monuments of literature, especially in one's own tongue, can any subject be said to be absolutely essential to the equipment of a well educated man, —none that can be labelled indispensable for culture,— certainly none with which a man must be thoroughly familiar. None, on the other hand, can be said to form no part of a liberal education,—none also, of which the most complete mastery will be enough by itself alone to deserve the name. A scholar may conceivably have a most minute and comprehensive knowledge of history, or of philosophy, or of classical literature and philology, and yet, if he has strictly nothing more, not merit the title of a man of culture.

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Culture, therefore, does not mean the possession of a body of knowledge common to all educated men, for there is no such thing to-day. It denotes rather an attitude of mind than a specific amount of information. It implies enjoyment of things the world has agreed are beautiful; interest in the knowledge that mankind has found valuable; comprehension of the principles that the race has accepted as true. All this involves a desire to know coupled with a capacity to acquire, and appreciate. No doubt men differ very much in their natural power of acquiring such a culture. Some people are born with little or no aptitude for it, others with a strong impulse for it, but no one is born possessed of it. No one can attain it without long continued toil and an effort which may be pleasant or irksome, may seem easy or laborious according to personal temperament and energy, but which is always strenuous.

If there is no royal road to learning or to culture, no broad highway that one can traverse in rapid indolence in an expensive motor car, or cheaply for a five-cent fare, there are, on the other hand, many different paths leading to the goal—some of them well-beaten by the footsteps of those who have passed, and are yearly passing over them; some less frequented and trodden only by earnest men who have the intelligence and persistence to find the way. It is with the former that our colleges are chiefly concerned, because it is their duty to guide students through the most certain and quickest roads to the end they seek.

But if culture itself is elusive, the roads thereto are not fixed by authoritative sign-boards, nor mapped out by universal agreement; and if culture no longer implies a recognized body of knowledge, there is no regular curriculum of studies leading to it. An attitude of mind is a much more subtle thing to produce, and many are the differences of opinion about the way to set about the task. One cannot speak, therefore, dogmatically as of general accepted doctrines, but only from the standpoint of personal conviction.

Certain principles may be clearly seen, or deduced from the nature of the object in view. If for culture one must have learned to enjoy as many as possible of the things the world deems beautiful; to know enough to take an interest in all knowledge that mankind has found valuable; and to have pondered enough to comprehend the ideas that the race has accepted as true, then it is obvious that to be cultivated,

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a man must at some time have had some acquaintance with a good many subjects. The number of these, however, is not so large as one might suppose, because entrance into one field often opens the gateway to others. Appreciation of good literature in one language provides the basis for appreciating it in another, and to a less extent this is true between any two different arts. The same thing may be said of the various branches of science. Each subject has many points of contact to which any new kindred thing will adhere, so that, unless it withers away by disuse, knowledge tends to roll up like a snowball. Similes are the bane of educational reasoning, and perhaps in this case it would be better to use the language in which I have already referred to culture, and say that an attitude of intellectual attention and appreciation having been acquired in any subject, it tends to increase and to bring fresh knowledge of things similar to those in which interest has been awakened.

The moral to be drawn is that which the late William James laid down in his *Talks to Teachers:* All thought springs from a cue; therefore increase the number of cues as much as you can. The man or woman who desires to be cultivated should strive to have at least a little familiarity with as many diverse fields of human thought as possible. No great region should be wholly a strange, unexplored wilderness, traversed only by people who utter dark sentences in an unknown tongue.

A second moral may be taken from William James. He used to insist that no one learns a new subject after twenty-nine, and the saying sometimes hurt the feelings of people who had passed that age. Nevertheless, it is in the main true, not only because after maturity the mind is normally less receptive, but also because modern life is so full of activity, even for those who have nothing useful to do, that it is hard to find time for the heavy work of studying the elements of a new subject.

But there is another side to all this. A mere smattering of many things may give a facility in conversation, an appearance of education, a superficial aspect of culture, while the substance is hopelessly lacking.

I remember a young friend of mine of whom it was said that he was striving to acquire many accomplishments but no education. It is not enough to stake out a claim to knowledge, and run the bounds. That may be of some use against

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outsiders, but it yields little profit to oneself. The possessor may claim the territory, but he cannot live on it. Everyone is aware of the difference between two people in their intellectual approach to a subject with which they have only a slight acquaintance, when one of them has a smattering of many things without a real mastery of any, and the other has a firm grasp of the principles in some branch of knowledge. We say that the latter has a trained mind, while the smatterer has not. The trained mind recognizes quickly the distinction between superficial phenomena and the underlying causes that produce them. Such a mind, we say, goes easily to the root of the matter. This is an art that can be learned, but, like other arts, it can be learned only by practice; that is, by getting at the root of something.

The art, or the habit, of getting at the root of things is essentially an attitude of mind. So far as the subject-matter is concerned over which a mastery is acquired, it may be called knowledge, but as regards other subjects it is certainly an attitude of mind, and this is the more enduring. The special knowledge may pass away, but the habit of thought does not. Let me take an example from science, for the laws of Nature are as fully a branch of modern culture as anything else. If one learns by the study of geology to observe natural objects, not merely to see what is obvious to the untrained eye, but to notice those things that are related to geologic forces, he may find after a time that the names and characteristics of the different rocks, the detail in the succession of the different strata, are in great part forgotten through disuse, but the habit of observation will remain and can be applied to other natural objects. In fact, such a habit will almost certainly be kept from decay by constant use in many things. This is true of all study, no matter what the subject may be; and if so, a penetrating, thorough, and profound attitude of mind is one of the most important arts that can be acquired.

This essay deals not so much with culture as with the basis for culture that can be laid by a college or university, for culture, like all education, must continue through life. All we can do as teachers is to lay the best foundation for it that we can, and the upshot of the argument here presented is comprised in the old adage that the true basis for culture is to know a little of everything and everything of something. While we may admit that this is the object to be sought,

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sharp differences of opinion exist, and will long remain, in regard to the means of attaining it. One question thrusts itself prominently forward: Every man who is to study a profession must, if he is serious, master that subject well; why, then, it may be asked, should he not devote his previous college course wholly to getting as wide an acquaintance with as many subjects as possible, and leave his thorough knowledge of one field to his professional training? The answer is obvious to anyone who has had practical experience. The mind that deals only with elementary work in many subjects rarely gets the vigorous training needed to acquire a firm grasp of any of them. The smatterer on leaving college is a smatterer. He has never learned anything thoroughly, and although he may do so later, his subsequent training will hardly relate backwards to illumine and deepen his knowledge of subjects that was superficial when he acquired it. If the best result is to be obtained, the thorough study of one subject must be contemporaneous with the diversified study of others, and radiate light into them.

Another question of a diametrically opposite tendency presents itself no less forcibly: Why should not the professional study accompany the getting of an acquaintance with many other subjects, so that both go along together, the professional training supplying the backbone of the college curriculum? This is a much more subtle, if not a more difficult, question, and it is one that we must actually face, because it involves a strong existing tendency among American colleges. Again the answer to it is found only in practical experience. Professional study leading to a man's career in life is, and ought to be, almost passionately absorbing in comparison with other subjects pursued at the same time. These are apt to be regarded as of lesser importance as outlying parts of the curriculum of the school somewhat arbitrarily forced upon the student, and not of direct value commensurate with the things needed in professional life. It is well-nigh impossible, for example, to persuade a student of law, medicine, or engineering that literature is for him a serious matter, on a par with his technical work. General subjects are, therefore, likely to be neglected or treated lightly when studied in a school primarily professional. When, on the other hand, professional courses are introduced into a college curriculum, they are apt to suffer, not, indeed, as compared with the general subjects, but as com-

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pared with what can be accomplished in a school wholly devoted to preparation for a career. It is difficult in a college, with its alluring extra-curriculum activities, to create the strong professional atmosphere that promotes the best technical training.

For men, therefore, who can give the time, there is a distinct advantage in pursuing their general studies before the professional ones. In short, there is much to be said for separating the work of college and professional schools. It follows also that the course in the college ought to cover a number of different subjects, together with a somewhat thorough study of one among them. What that one should be will vary with the personal aptitude of the student. In my own opinion, it is better, as a general rule, that it should not be too closely akin to the subject which will engross attention in the chief occupation of life; because any direct professional knowledge that can be obtained in college is trifling compared with what can be acquired in a far shorter period in a professional school, and the attempt to obtain it crowds out some other subject that will probably never be studied at a later time.

This is not the time to review the methods of education in foreign countries. To be successful, any system must be consistent with itself, and it is unsafe to graft a foreign limb into a root unadapted to sustain it. So far as culture is concerned, our problem is to develop, in harmony with our own institutions, a type of education that will cause young people to enjoy the things the world has agreed are beautiful, to be interested in the knowledge mankind has found valuable, and to comprehend the principles the race has accepted as true. This is culture, and to impart it is a function of the American college.

We are sometimes told that after youths are emancipated from the rigid discipline of the schoolmaster, they cannot be made to take very seriously any studies which do not have a manifest bearing on their career in life. But if it be true that they cannot be led to work hard in an earnest effort to understand the knowledge slowly wrought out, and the civilization painfully achieved by man upon this planet, then our colleges do not deserve to survive and will certainly die.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

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JOHN BRIGHT

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

"My life is in my speeches." This was Bright's judgment on himself, and it is profoundly true. He was the greatest orator of the Victorian age; but his speeches were no mere examples—even though they were the highest examples—of what oratory can be. They were the effective instruments by which great changes in human affairs were brought about. They were not words but things. To read them is to follow the course of English politics through fifty momentous years; and the fiery passion which they breathe stands in curious contrast with the quietness, and even dullness, of the setting in which they were conceived. When one reads the description of Bright's daily life, as drawn by his accomplished biographer, Mr. George Trevelyan, one is irresistibly reminded of the saying in *Friendship's Garland:* "A piano in a Quaker's drawing-room is a step for him to more humane life." That "more humane life," which consists in the steady cultivation of the whole nature, and the constant endeavor "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world"—in a word, the life of culture—had no attraction for Bright. He knew his Bible and he knew his Milton, and he knew little else in the way of literature. Yet his most remarkable endowment was his intuitive sense for the value of words, and for the balance and rhythm of sentences. His speeches will probably be read for literary enjoyment, even when the great controversies with which they deal have fallen into a very distant background; but, as they fell from his lips, they did not owe their whole effect to their verbal perfection. His voice was singularly pure and penetrating. His gesture was restrained, but full of dignity. He spoke very slowly. Matthew Arnold, after hearing him at Birmingham in 1858, wrote thus: "Perhaps there is not flow enough—not that he halts or stammers, but I like to have sometimes more of a *rush* than he ever

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gives you." Whether it be a merit or a defect is arguable; but the extreme deliberation of Bright's speaking was one of its most conspicuous marks; and, to my mind, it was supremely effective, because it conveyed the impression of considered judgment and profound conviction.

> Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave flowed into space away.
> Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
> Even to the centre of the hosts around;
> And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
> As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell;
> Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
> It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
>
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went,
> Now stirred the uproar; now the murmur stilled;
> And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.[1]

Those words, though written of another orator, precisely describe Bright's effect upon a popular audience. Sarcasm succeeded pathos, and pathos gave way to humor; stern reprobation of moral wrong heralded entrancing visions of a time when the Kingdom of righteousness and truth shall be established on earth; and, in each successive mood, the orator conveyed to the heart of every listener the conviction of an absolute sincerity. It was this peculiar characteristic of his speaking that, at more than one political crisis, determined the fortunes of the strife in which he was engaged.

The Brights had migrated from Wiltshire to Lancashire, and had established themselves as cotton-spinners in Rochdale, where John was born in 1811. There is no occasion to describe his home, his rough schooling, his early travels, or his entrance (when he was fifteen) into his father's business; but something must be said about the religion in which he was reared, for it colored his whole character and life. From first to last he was a member of the Society of Friends, although, in middle life, he discarded their quaint ritualisms of dress and speech. His active participation in politics was inconsistent with the Friends' traditions, and they always maintained that he had lost in spirituality through his immersion in the things of time. I have been told by one of

[1] Bulwer Lytton, "St. Stephen's."

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those who heard him on the rare occasions when he spoke at their meetings, that his speaking lacked that inwardness of tone which is the characteristic of quietism, and is the natural utterance of those who "endure as seeing the invisible." But, though politics may have modified Bright's Quakerism, his Quakerism much more profoundly modified his politics. His hatred of war, his disapproval of capital punishment, his instinctive leaning towards the side of mercy —even his erroneous doctrine that "force is not a remedy" for crimes of violence—all had their origin in his Quaker-like view of human life. He loathed with a peculiar disgust that paradoxical conception of Christian Soldiership, which wars without reference to right or wrong. When the strange mania of Gordon-worship was at its height, he wrote thus about the popular idol: "Gordon cared little for his own life, and apparently less for the lives of others, or he would not have devoted himself to the savagery of war in China and the Soudan. . . . The war-spirit which reigned supreme in Gordon seems to me wholly at variance with the spirit inculcated in the New Testament." Bright jeoparded his public career by his impassioned resistance to the Crimean War. He sacrificed his seat for Manchester by protesting against the Chinese War. He declined the India Office in 1868, partly at least because he "could not take part in the duties of the office which are connected with the military affairs of India." In 1882 he resigned his place in the Cabinet, just too late, as a testimony against the bombardment of Alexandria; and in 1885, when Gladstone was hurling vague menaces at Russia, he wrote in dejection to a friend: "Be the Government Liberal or Tory, much the same thing happens—war with all its horrors and miseries and crimes and cost; talkers and writers being mostly in favor of it, and the multitude approving or assenting to the wickedness in high places."

So much for war. On other methods of taking human life the Quaker was not less explicit. When the late Sir Henry Hawkins was made a judge, he met Bright at dinner and told him of his promotion, expecting to be congratulated. Bright laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, and said, in a voice of deep emotion, "Be *merciful,* Hawkins, be merciful!" For forty years of public life he had kept a watchful eye on death-sentences in particular, and on criminal justice in general, making private appeals to successive Home Sec-

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retaries on behalf of those convicted persons who seemed more unfortunate than criminal. Again and again in his journal occur such entries as this: "Letter from Sir George Grey, saying he had reprieved the convict at Warwick; great relief to me, for his fate has been a burden on my mind for some days"—though the convict was an entire stranger to him. When pleading in the House of Commons for the abolition of capital punishment, he said, with reference to the awful responsibility of the Home Secretary in exercising the prerogative of mercy: "I wonder that all the Right Honorable gentleman has gone through in these painful cases has not driven him stark mad;" and he concluded on the impressive theme that "human life is sacred, and on that principle alone can human life be secure."

The same principle animated him in his life-long opposition to the Game Laws. He opposed them in part because he thought them injurious to agriculture, in part because they tended to alienate class from class in rural neighborhoods; but his deepest indignation was aroused by the cruelty which they entailed. "To benefit a sport enjoyed by 40,000 persons at the outside, about 5,000 persons a year were fined, imprisoned, or transported."

Bright's career, which was as direct and uncomplicated as his character, divides itself naturally into eight parts. 1. The preparatory state. 2. The Battle of the Corn Laws. 3. The Factory Acts. 4. The Crimea. 5. The American War. 6. The Franchise. 7. Office. 8. Home Rule. A word must be said about each part in turn.

John Bright had the love of freedom in his blood. He was trained by men who remembered "Peterloo"—who had "gone to attend a meeting and came back from a massacre."[1] He grew to man's estate amid the tumults which attended the Reform Bill of 1832. When that Bill became an Act, Rochdale acquired a Member, and a new life was infused into the politics of the town. The local Liberals were Radicals, keen for a further extension of the suffrage, for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and for the abolition of Church Rates. In all these controversies, young Bright was a leader and a teacher; but it was in the attack on the Church Rates that he first displayed his oratorical supremacy. A violent meeting of protesters against the rate was

[1] At Manchester in 1819.

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held in the parish church yard, and Bright, "standing on a tombstone with the Vicar and his brood of clergymen, told them more truth than they were accustomed to hear."

From political strife we must turn for an instant to domestic sorrow, for it was a sorrow which had political issues of far-reaching importance. In December, 1839, John Bright married Elizabeth Priestman, a Quaker maiden whom her friends described as angelic. In October, 1840, she bore him a daughter, and in September, 1841, she died. What then ensued was told by Bright, in memorable words. "I was in the depths of grief, I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. . . . Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me with some words of consolation. After a time he looked up, and said: 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now,' he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation. . . . I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation; and from that time we never ceased to labor hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made. . . . And since then, though there has been suffering, and much suffering, in many homes in England, yet no wife and no mother and no little child has been starved to death as the result of a famine made by law."

The Parliament which had been elected in 1837 was dissolved in 1841. The General Election resulted in a Tory majority of eighty, and Peel became Prime Minister. Cobden now began his Parliamentary career, as Member for Stockport, and Gladstone, whom Peel made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, soon perceived that "Cobden will be a worrying man about corn." Cobden "worried" in the House, and Bright declaimed in the country. Both threw their wonderful powers unreservedly into the work, and both were signally successful. Cobden transfixed Peel, who had reshuffled the sliding scale, and demolished a Tory Member called Ferrand, who had attacked the mill-owners. Bright called a meeting of merchants on the Manchester Exchange, to protest against the Corn Law, and carried his resolution without a dissentient voice. "Verily," wrote

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Cobden, "we are not toiling in vain." In the autumn of 1842, Cobden and Bright set forth on a missionary journey, preaching the gospel of Free Trade all over the North of England, and in January, 1843, they crossed the Tweed, and found themselves in a country already converted. The fighting now waxed furious, inside the House and out of it. I quote from Mr. Trevelyan: "Once a month or oftener, from March, 1843, until the Corn Law fell in 1846, a London opera-house was packed from floor to ceiling, from the back of the pit to the back of the stage, with an audience that was never once bored, and never once lukewarm; and in the twelve weeks between December, 1842, and the end of the following February, one hundred and thirty-six smaller meetings were held in London alone; in the provinces, each big city had a mass meeting nearly every month, and each market-town at least once a year. . . . In the summer of 1843, Cobden and Bright began their attack on the rural districts, and spoke face to face with the 'protected' classes. It was an easy task for them to convert the Agricultural Laborer. The shortest and the best speech made in the whole course of the controversy was that of a farm-hand at one of the League meetings: 'I be protected, and I be starving.'" But though the laborers were easily converted, and even the farmers began to give ear to the new doctrine, the landlords remained obdurate. Bright's "prize-fighting speeches"—the epithet is his own—irritated them past endurance. There even was some vague talk of prosecuting the agitators for sedition, and Bright wrote thus to his sister: "I will try and be careful. I have no wish for martyrdom, even in so good a cause. The public feeling is evidently with the League, and our cause is so obviously good that I do not think we shall be attacked by the Law. If we are, I trust you will put the best construction on our actions, and not disown me as a rebel and incendiary."

And now a great change in Bright's way of life was at hand. Cobden told him that it was his plain duty to enter Parliament, and there bear his part in conducting the cause to its approaching victory. There were reasons connected with his family, with his business, with his religious associations, which made him hesitate; but, after full consideration, he determined to stand. He wrote to his wife's mother: "Don't blame me; hope for me and pray for me. The future may prove me not wholly wrong."

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In July, 1843, he entered the House of Commons as Member for the City of Durham. His maiden speech was delivered on the 7th of August—of course, on the Corn Laws—and was remarkable for a kind of veiled prophecy that Peel would shortly sever himself from a party with which he disagreed, and would become the "Minister, not merely of the Queen, but of the people also." A series of good harvests had rendered the evils of Protection rather less intolerable, and, in spite of some mutinous murmurs, Peel closed the Session of 1845 with a great majority in both Houses. Before Christmas, as Lord Beaconsfield said, "the mysterious but universal sickness of a single root had changed the history of the world"; Lord John Russell had been converted to "total and immediate" repeal of the Corn Laws, and Peel had followed suit. In January, 1846, Peel, at the head of a reconstructed Government, opened the Session which was to repeal the Corn Laws. The Corn Bill passed the Lords on the 25th of June, and, on the 2nd of July, the "Anti-Corn Law League," having accomplished its great purpose, decided to "suspend its active operations." The victory was won.

The least satisfactory passage of Bright's life is that which relates to the Factory Acts. We make all due allowance for the congenital prejudices of a manufacturer's son, bred in a mill where the factory laws were administered with unusual leniency, and, by conviction as well as temperament, a stout individualist. We see without difficulty that these and cognate circumstances must have tended to color Bright's outlook on the beneficent reforms with which Lord Shaftesbury's name is so gloriously associated. We admit all that has to be admitted, but, after all is said and done, Lord Shaftesbury's damning sentence stands upon the record: "Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright."

Let us not reason about this sad episode, but regard it sorrowfully, and pass on.

Bright was once walking with one of his sons past the Guards' Monument in Waterloo Place. The boy asked the meaning of the single word inscribed on the base—CRIMEA. The father's answer was as emphatic as the inscription: "A CRIME." Those two words epitomize Bright's whole mind and heart at the most trying, and most heroic, period of his long life.

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For nearly forty years Europe had enjoyed the sunshine of unbroken peace, but, by the end of 1853, Russia and Turkey were at War. England had no concern in the quarrel, but presently espoused the cause of Turkey. The fatal step was announced on March 29th, 1854, and on the 31st Bright addressed to the House of Commons the first of "his great Crimean speeches." Great those speeches certainly were, and are—great in all the qualities which make oratory one of the highest arts. They are only four in number, or, if we add the famous "Letter to Absalom Watkin," five; but they made a deeper and more enduring effect on those who heard them and read them than anything which their author had ever uttered. There are people still alive who can describe the awful hush which fell upon the House when on February 23rd, 1855, he appealed to the ancient and vainglorious Palmerston to stay the effusion of human blood. "I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England, in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes will be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." Never again did a single phrase of Bright's strike so directly home to the hearts of those who heard it. Men who could not quote another sentence from his speeches remember " The Angel of Death." Cobden, who heard the speech delivered, said to him as he sat down amid the sympathetic thunder which rewards an oratorical triumph, "You went very near that time. If you had said '*flapping,*' instead of '*beating* of his wings,' the House would have laughed." Quite so; but Bright had a genius for language, which bore him safe even on the dizziest heights. It is to be borne in mind that, in opposing the Crimean War, Bright did not take "high Quaker ground." He never denied the abstract right to take up arms on good occasion; he supported the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and of the slave-owners' secession in America. He opposed the Crimean War because, by engaging in it, we set ourselves in hostility to all the Christian populations of the Turkish Empire, and fought for an evil end—"the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all depotisms, over one of the fairest portions

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of the earth which it has desolated, and over a population which it has degraded, but not been able to destroy."

In opposing the Crimean War, Bright was against England, high and low alike. In his attitude towards the Civil War in America, he had the rank and wealth and social influence of the country against him, the Church and the Press, and also the huge weight of middle-class opinion; but he had the working classes on his side. To their justice and generosity he appealed with a noble confidence, and he used with all his might a splendid weapon which lay ready to his hand in the Englishman's hatred of slavery. Half-hearted Liberals demanded the recognition of the Independence of the Southern States. Renegade Radicals even clamored for English intervention in the interests of the South. The North was justly offended by our ignorant partisanship and unskilful handling of international disputes; and again and again we trembled on the verge of war. That this supreme calamity was averted was mainly due to two men—among Americans, to Charles Francis Adams, who represented the United States in London; and, among Englishmen, to John Bright; though justice requires that we should remember the part played by Prince Albert, Disraeli, and the Duke of Argyll.

From first to last, Bright was an ardent advocate for the extension of the suffrage, in this one respect pursuing a different line from his friend Cobden, whose whole heart was in fiscal and economic questions, and who had little interest in merely political machinery. "Bright and Cobden" is a combination of names which comes trippingly off the tongue; but in the fight for Parliamentary reform Bright stood alone. "The nation," he said, "in every country dwells in the cottage"; and he could not rest till the cottage had acquired its rights.

The mental distress through which Bright passed during the long-drawn agony of the Crimea had left him damaged. He suffered from what we nowadays call a " nervous breakdown," and his doctors kept him out of public work all through the years 1856 and 1857. He had sat for Durham from 1841 to 1847. Then, in the flush of victory over Protection, he was returned unopposed for Manchester, and, after a contest, again in 1852. In March, 1857, Palmerston appealed to the country for support in his most unworthy war with China, and the country gave him what he desired.

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Bright was known to be opposed to Palmerston's policy, and his seat was fiercely challenged. Being abroad and ill, he was precluded from fighting his own battle, and he was defeated. In the following June there was a by-election at Birmingham, and Bright was invited to contest the seat. His health did not permit him to address a public meeting, or even to make entry into the town. But, as soon as it was known that he was to stand, the Conservative candidate withdrew, and he was returned unopposed. So began a connection with Birmingham which lasted till his death. Thus we return to the subject of Parliamentary Reform; for, as soon as Bright was permitted to resume his political activities, he addressed his new constituents in a magnificent discourse, which, after surveying the field of general politics, concluded with a strong appeal for a further extension of the suffrage, and a splendid peroration about "the impending struggle."

The struggle "impended" for some years before it began in good earnest. Palmerston died in October, 1865. Lord Russell—the "Lord John" of the first Reform Bill—became Prime Minister, and the leader of the House of Commons was Gladstone, who had lately asserted the moral right of "every man who is not presumably disqualified to come within the pale of the Constitution." Obviously the time had now come for a real Reform Bill, and shrewd observers saw that, while Russell and Gladstone were in office, Bright was in power. The Bill was introduced in March, 1866. It fell far short of Bright's ideals; but he thought it "an honest Bill," and supported it heartily. Eventually the Government was defeated by a combination of Tories and malcontent Liberals, but the debates which preceded its downfall were animated and exciting in a high degree. The duel between Gladstone and Lowe is historic, and Bright's pleasantries about Caves of Adullam and Hairy Terriers have passed into the sacred language of English politics. Defeated on the Reform Bill, the Government resigned. Lord Derby became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as Leader of the House of Commons. Bright devoted the autumn to a great campaign on behalf of Parliamentary Reform. He was now at the height of his power. Never again did he wield such compelling power over great masses of his fellow-citizens. Never did he see such immediate and such tremendous results from his words, " Half-

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a-dozen great out-door demonstrations in the principal centres of population, and half-a-dozen speeches in great halls by Bright, sufficed to awe the Conservative Party into submission." That submission was complete indeed. In the Session of 1867, the Derby-Disraeli Government established Household Suffrage. Lord Cranborne (afterwards Lord Salisbury), who had left the Cabinet sooner than be a party to this revolution, said, with bitter truth: "If it be a Conservative triumph to have adopted the principles of your most determined adversary, the Hon. Member for Birmingham . . . then the Conservative Party has won no triumph so signal as this."

The newly-enfranchised democracy exercised its power for the first time at the General Election of 1868; sent Disraeli to the right-about, and made Gladstone Prime Minister. Now came Bright's hour of trial. Gladstone implored him to take a place in the Cabinet, and Gladstone's appeal was backed by the whole Liberal Party. Yet Bright shrank back. His health was no longer what it once had been. He felt his own "dislike of work, and of fetters, and of official position." He preferred to "dwell among his own people." He declined to "put on livery." But in the issue, his strong sense of civil duty prevailed over all personal considerations, and he became President of the Board of Trade. In the previous year he had gallantly championed Queen Victoria against an unmannerly attack at a public meeting; the Queen felt grateful, and welcomed him into her Government with genuine good will. On his first visit to Osborne he seems to have found himself completely at home, for a courtier exclaimed: "Well! I never expected to see John Bright here, winning his money at Blind Hookey." But, in spite of this auspicious beginning, his tenure of office was brief and unsatisfactory. In 1870 he was laid aside by renewed illness; retired from the Cabinet, and only re-entered it, at Gladstone's earnest solicitation, for a few months in 1873. The Government came to an end in 1874, and Bright declared that he was now "on the shelf." After the great Liberal victory in 1880, he again joined Gladstone's Cabinet, and in 1882 he retired, as a protest against the bombardment of Alexandria. This was the end of his official life.

It was a singular infelicity of Bright's career that in his later years he found himself involved in bitter hostility

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to the Irish people, whose civil and religious rights he had in the past maintained with singular courage. When he was on his deathbed, he received a truly noble tribute from Mr. T. M. Healy, who said: "It was when Ireland had fewest friends that your voice was loudest on her side." But in the interval there had been bitter estrangement, and the causes of it were various. Bright was, by instinct and habit, a supporter of law and order, and he loathed murder and outrage as he loathed the battlefield and the gallows. He thought the Irish party were "rebels," and told them so. They in return hit back, and did not spare him. He believed even passionately in religious liberty, and the opposition of the Irish members to Bradlaugh's admission stirred his contemptuous indignation. I can recall the peculiar intonation—something between a snarl and a sneer—with which he reminded them of what was involved in their oath of allegiance—"that oath which you esteem so sacred that you will suffer no man to take it with unhallowed lips." And so the quarrel went on, from bad to worse, till Gladstone's inopportune adoption of Home Rule brought the issue to a head, and smashed the Liberal party. Lord Hartington was massive, and Mr. Chamberlain was dexterous; but Bright's high morality and noble record gave a weight to his protest against Parnellism which no one else could command. From the day when it was known that he would vote against the Home Rule Bill, its fate was sealed; and his speech at Birmingham during the General Election of 1886 did more than any other utterance to secure the Unionist victory. Before another Home Rule Bill could be brought in, he was in his honored grave.

What manner of man was John Bright, in his outward aspect and conversation? In the first place, his portraits show clearly that he was a very much better-looking man in middle life.[1] He was short, and his head was too large for his body. The daguerreotype taken when he was, say, forty, suggests the epithet "smug." The drawing by Duval gives one the notion that the artist was trying to soften those characteristics. But the pictures of him as an old man are stately, and even beautiful. I once heard an Irish rhetorician refer to "the snows of that venerable and vener-

[1] For some unknown reason, *Punch* used to represent Bright with an eyeglass, which he never wore.

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ated head," and they formed a noble crown to his clear-cut features, his furrowed cheeks and searching eyes. Most characteristic was the downward turn of the corners of his mouth, exactly expressive of that half-humorous scorn which marked alike his conversation and his oratory. Again and again it relieves the solemn argument of his speeches. In his Public Letters it was seen in full perfection. For, to say the truth, Bright was easily offended, and when offended he was not slow to show his displeasure. I once was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone, and Bright was of the party. During the meal, our host told a mildly humorous story of a Quaker, who refused to subscribe for building a new church, but said he would gladly help in pulling down the old one. We all tittered obsequiously, but Bright said, with down-turned lip: " The Friends are made the subject of some very *stoopid* stories."

My own acquaintance with Bright was hereditary. My father[1] had sat in Parliament with him for several years, and, unlike most of the Whig aristocracy, had always held him in high regard and esteem. This good will Bright was not slow to return, as the following tender and beautiful letter shows:

Dear Lord Charles Russell,

I was on the Continent when I saw the announcement of your loss[2] in *The Times*. I was shocked, and I pictured to myself your sorrow and that of your circle, and in some measure I joined in it. I seem never able to dissociate fear from weddings. I have lost two sisters soon after marriage—one on the birth of her first, and the other on the birth of her second child—the succeeding fever was the cause of death. These events so affected me, that I never attend a wedding ceremony without a feeling of doubt and sadness.

" Believe me, I sympathize deeply with you in your affliction, and I hope that you have in it such consolation as the case admits of.

I am always,

Most sincerely yours,
John Bright.

It was, I suppose, on account of this mutual regard that, when I entered Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, Bright received me with the most friendly kindness. His manner towards young men was perfect: natural, simple, easy; with plenty of quiet fun, and, now and then, when

[1] Lord Charles James Fox Russell (1807-1894).

[2] The death of a daughter in her first confinement.

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one had been unusually foolish, a touch of sarcasm. On one occasion at least he did me the honor to consult me about his action in a painful controversy; and, though our political paths diverged when Home Rule was propounded, our personal relations were not the least embittered. With my whole heart I loved and honored him, and I count it one of my highest privileges to have heard, even though only in its failing force, that "God-gifted organ-voice of England," which had spent its music in the service of humanity and freedom.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

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TO THE MOTHER OF A POET

BY SARA TEASDALE

She is too kind, I think, for mortal things,
Too gentle for the gusty ways of earth;
God gave to her a shy and silver mirth,
And made her soul as clear
And softly singing as an orchard spring's
In sheltered hollows all the sunny year—
A spring that through the leaning grass looks up
And holds all heaven in its crystal cup,
Mirror to holy meadows high and blue
With stars like drops of dew.

I love to think that never tears at night
Have made her eyes less bright;
That all her girlhood through
Never a cry of love made over-tense
Her voice's innocence;
That in her hands have lain
Flowers beaten by the rain,
And little birds, before they learned to sing,
Drowned in the sudden ecstacy of Spring.

I love to think that with a wistful wonder
She held her baby warm against her breast;
That never any fear awoke whereunder
She shuddered at her gift, or trembled lest
Through the great doors of birth
Here to a windy earth
She lured from heaven a half-unwilling guest.

She caught and kept his first vague flickering smile,
The faint upleaping of his spirit's fire;
And for a long sweet while
In her was all he asked of earth or heaven.
But in the end how far,
Past every shaken star,
Should leap at last that arrow-like desire,
His full-grown manhood's keen
Ardor toward the unseen
Dark mystery beyond the Pleiads seven.

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And in her heart she heard
His first dim-spoken word;
She only of them all could understand,
Flushing to feel at last
The silence over-past,
Thrilling as though her hand had touched God's hand.
But in the end how many words
Winged on a flight she could not follow,
Farther than skyward lark or swallow,
His lips set free to lands she never knew;
Braver than white sea-faring birds
With a fearless melody,
Flying over a shining sea,
A star-white song between the blue and blue.

Oh, I have seen a lake as clear and fair
As it were molten air,
Lifting a lily upward to the sun.
How should the water know the glowing heart
That ever to the heaven lifts its fire,
A golden and unchangeable desire?
The water only knows
The faint and rosy glows
Of under-petals, opening apart.
Yet in the soul of earth,
Deep in the primal ground,
Its searching roots are wound,
And centuries have struggled toward its birth.

So, in the man who sings,
All of the voiceless horde
From the cold dawn of things
Have their reward;
All in whose pulses ran
Blood that is his at last,
From the first stooping man
Far in the winnowed past.
Out of the tumult of their love and mating
Each one created, seeing life was good—
Dumb, till at last the song that they were waiting
Breaks like brave April thro' a wintry wood.

But what of her whose heart is troubled by it,
The mother who would soothe and set him free,
Fearing the song's storm-shaken ecstacy?—
Oh, as the moon that has no power to quiet
The strong wind-driven sea!

SARA TEASDALE.

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WILLIAM BLAKE AND CATHARINE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

In the world-sadness which has overspread the earth, girdling it with sorrow, bringing to the human race a unity of tragic mood never known before, the mind goes searching for refuge from assailing woes. The smug material content of our time is broken; our gospel of comfort and convenience proves inadequate, and our questioning is deeper than it was yesterday. Already the external fails to satisfy, when that which had seemed so sure and pleasant turns swiftly to horror. The world, which has been dancing to ragtime music, suddenly finds that it is no longer in the mood to keep that pace. The poets of our time are bravely busy, trying to voice this deep soul-stirring, but reeds that pipe so near the battle inevitably bring discordant echoes of the strife. Does this mean that we must turn to older poets, well-nigh forgotten now for many years? We want diviner consolation than any poet of to-day is prepared to bring; sweeter and more assured cadences, surer vision, more profound conviction; we have need of them who affirm great things.

For sheer escape from contemporary trouble, personal or international, into a world not of mental luxury, but of intense intellectual activity, where, with the suns and the stars and the prophets, with the poets and the artists of all time, we seem to be helping shape a universe of eternal and vital significance, to endure when this material world has vanished as shadow—who can help us as can William Blake? Poet, artist, seer of a hundred years ago, he found great joy in a life of incessant, inspired industry, of holy poverty. Through dark streets of London he sped on divine tasks of intent; of dismal lodging-house steps he made celestial stairways, commanding the fields of Paradise; among dull houses he saw gleam a heavenly city, and with fierce energy he set about helping in the building.

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Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

It is small wonder that his contemporaries thought him insane, as his every quality, every ideal, every belief, contradicted the spirit of the time in all particulars. In the eighteenth century, the sole appeal, in philosophy, in theology, in literature, was to reason. The office of the preacher was to prove by fact and syllogism the articles of faith; of the poet, to sing, in smooth numbers, something that logic would approve. But to Blake, mere reason was the most blind and cruel tyrant that had ever forged manacles for the human race, and his whole life was a struggle to break the power of the oppressor. Reason is that "Spectrous Fiend" whom at last, as his letters record, he reduces to utter defeat —a fiend that had, for twenty years, checked his faith and his creative activity. For this fiend he has various names, often those of scientists, or of thinkers who base knowledge upon sensation: of "Bacon, and Newton, and Locke," "who teach Doubt and Experiment," and he wrote:

May God us keep
From single vision and Newton's sleep.

The mind-made fetters of reason, working through law and dogma, have fettered the human soul, and have kept it from its birthright of spiritual power and freedom. Blake was not a philosopher, but a poet, a mystic, feeling himself in direct contact with the world of spirit, his intuition piercing to the truth behind the veil of things. His triumphant assertion that spirit is the only reality he makes over and over, in prose, in verse, and in engraver's lines. "Mental things are alone real; what is called corporeal, nobody knows of; its dwelling place is a fallacy and its existence an imposture. . . . Where is the existence out of mind or thought? . . . Error is created; truth is eternal. Error, or Creation, will be burned up, and then, and not till then, truth or eternity will appear. It is burned up the moment men cease to behold it."

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His swift poetic instinct brought him a certainty of conviction of that which more than one idealist philosopher has spent his life trying to demonstrate by reasoned proof. He asked no analytic questions; he worked out no system, as did Kant, though his inspired assertions are strangely in accord with the conclusions of that great philosopher, to whom reality is mind, not matter. "One thought fills immensity," asserted Blake; for him there was no more to say. He refused to believe that the material world was the real world; to him, matter was merely an embodied and temporary mood of the Eternal mind; the body was a blunder of the soul, a momentary lack of complete self-possession on the part of the spirit, and he bewailed the fact that

> The visions of Eternity, by reason of
> narrowèd perceptions,
> Are become weak Visions of Time and Space,
> fixed into furrows of death.

He scoffed at the superstition that the senses could limit or define knowledge; sight, hearing, touch could not give you the truth—could at best help in starting you on the trail; for truth is revealed only to the indefatigable, questing soul.

To win back that lost unity with the spirit which antedated the misfortune of creation and the accident of birth, there was one supreme gift, and only one, imagination. Through its exercise alone could the human being find reality, and the poet, in the odd chant of the prophetic books, says:

"I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination,—Imagination, the real and Eternal world, of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more."

"The Imagination is not a state; it is the human existence itself."

The only possible deliverance, then, for the human being, bound by the illusory realities of flesh and blood, with the unfortunate tendency to regard mere intellectual deductions concerning the world of matter as presenting truth, was by creative exercise of this divine art of the imagination. Through poetic intuition, through experience, highly taken, through incessant endeavor to create in the light of his highest hope, Blake knew his certainties. He asked no per-

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mission of eye or ear to believe the truth he had found; the supreme conviction that it is for the soul to assert possessed him. His long life was a triumphant demonstration of his creed; his work, at least a partial one.

Believing himself in direct communication, through the imagination, with the divine, Blake was aware of spiritual presences about him, and the records of this intercourse take us back to the life depicted in old Celtic epics, where the gods walked side by side with mortals, and were indistinguishable from them. As a boy, it was his habit to escape from his home in Golden Square to wander in the country by field and hedge, and he records that when he was eight or ten years old, strolling by Dulwich Hill, he saw a tree filled with angels, whose wings shone out from the leaves; and among the hay-makers, one summer morning, he saw angels walking. Thus early was he conscious of celestial visitants, of companions by the way. How many lovely, and sometimes awful, records he has left of this companioning, both his prose and his poetry tell.

"I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you . . . that I am under the direction of messengers from heaven daily and nightly," he wrote to a friend; and his intercourse with the soul of his beloved brother Robert was one of the great joys of his life. Cherubim and seraphim, prophets of old, came and went between him and the sky as he paced the dingy London streets. He would walk with few of his contemporaries, save his wife; now and then is an exception: "You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel, my friend and companion from Eternity." He walked proudly with angels, with poets of old, with the souls of animals, the souls of hurt children.

In studying Blake, one comes often upon patronizing, if approving, references to his wife, Catharine Blake, who is characterized as a devoted but ignorant woman. These leave one wholly unprepared for her picture, reproduced in Mr. Russell's edition of the *Letters,* from a drawing made when she was over sixty, for it affords a glimpse of a remarkable personality. The strength of that face, the spirit power of the mouth, the unfaltering gaze of the eyes, give it a profound impressiveness, making one wonder at Mr. Symons' characterization of it as "almost painful," and at Mr. Crabb Robinson's reference to Catharine Blake's "dark eye and remains of beauty in her youth." This is full of

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a beauty that youth does not know, and it is not the remains of anything, but is suggestive of immortal beginnings. The eyes are visionary, but unlike Blake's; he was a man of many visions; she, a woman of one, and it was he. For he was her life-long vision from that first glimpse of him when, as a girl, she came into a room and saw him, in all the glory of young manhood, with inspired eyes and golden locks like the sun's rays about his head. Before either had spoken, she knew him as her destined husband, and, growing faint, had to leave the room to recover herself.

These two young mortals, alike in their instant certainties of knowledge, were married in 1782; then began a married life of radiant poverty, a life which has perhaps no parallel, from that of Adam and Eve in Paradise down to that of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning at Casa Guidi, Florence, for joyousness and intensity of devotion. Catharine Blake, bright-eyed, dark-haired, tall and graceful, served her husband as model for images of earthly and of celestial beauty; did all the housework; learned, under his tuition, to write, and did copying for him; learned to help print engravings and color illuminated books; the two walked together whole summer days in the country, dining by twilight at some wayside inn; so was she cook, housewife, fellow-engraver, fellow-seer, and fellow-wayfarer on earthly and on celestial paths.

That life of unremitting toil, of seemingly perfect spiritual companionship, is associated with narrow London rooms, Poland Street, Lambeth, South Molton Street, Fountain Court, broken by three years' residence in the country, at Felpham, by the sea.

> My hands are labored, day and night,
> And ease comes never in my sight.
> My wife has no indulgence given
> Except what comes to her from heaven.
> We eat little, we drink less;
> This earth breeds not our happiness.
> Another sun feeds our life's streams;
> We are not warmèd by thy beams.

One would think that nothing could have added to the bliss of their daily celestial drudgery in London, but the records of the first weeks at Felpham bespeak a happiness beyond happiness in the cottage "with its thatched roof of rusted gold." "Felpham is a sweet place for study," wrote

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Blake, "because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapors; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms most distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. . . . And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off." A poem tells of a ladder of angels reaching from the sky to his cot:

> And thy friend and mine
> Descend and ascend with the bread and the wine.

It was indeed a two-family house, this tiny habitation, housing also the Heavenly Host, for God and all the angels dwelt under the same roof, and the partitions were very thin. The little garden recalls the primal garden, ablaze with the glory of the Lord; William Blake and Catharine seem to be the only pair never driven out. In this period we are most fully aware of a certain holy glee that was about Blake his life long; some of the verses of the time reflect this in a metre that trips with inspired jollity.

> With happiness stretched across the hills
> In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils;
> With a blue sky spread over with wings,
> And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
> With trees and fields full of fairy elves,
> And little devils who fight for themselves.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> With angels planted in hawthorn bowers
> And God himself in the passing hours.

There was something of the mirth of angels about him, the laughter and the high seriousness of seraphim. He was ever ready to fly a bit with the archangels on their way home, to steal a ride on Elijah's chariot; life was to him, from first to last, a divine adventure.

Perhaps the ladder was drawn up again to heaven, for we find Blake later writing to a friend to ask congratulations on his return to London, where alone "I may converse with my friends in eternity, see visions, dream dreams, and prophesy and speak parables unobserved and at liberty from the doubts of other mortals." Catharine Blake, who had shared her husband's delight in going to Felpham, shared his joy in returning. Only the lightest of Mrs.

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Blake's tasks have as yet been suggested. It was for her to freshen constantly the sources of his inspiration, to keep him aware of eternity, to recall to his mind divine faces once seen. "What do we do, Kate, when the visions forsake us?" he asked, when a young artist friend came to consult them as to the reasons why his inspiration failed. "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," was the reply. At another time: "You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and He put His head to the window and set you a-screaming," she reminded him—"lest he forget." It is recorded that many a night, when he was working in a fury of inspiration, she would get up and sit by him for hours, perfectly motionless, because of the help this companionship brought him.

This accounts for the "sympathy and awe" in her pictured face, the solemn vision of those eyes, thrilled through with effort of the will, the hushed look of responsibility. It was for her to prolong the visions, cling to the archangels, detain the prophets, hold fast those great symbolic serpents that wind across the margins of the books; to entertain the Ancient of Days in converse, until Blake working with fierce inspiration, could get down the very lines of his figure. She it must have been who prepared that awful meal—and what was served?—when: "The prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to them"; initiating a discussion in which the question as to whether "a firm persuasion that a thing is so makes it so" is decided in the affirmative.

Mrs. Blake, we are told, her life long, made but one complaint regarding her husband, and that was that he was incessantly away in Paradise. From first to last, during that long married life of five and forty years, she comported herself as one who knew what was fitting deportment when the sons of God married the daughters of men. Soul and body at the resurrection, in the drawings made by Blake for Blair's *Grave,* are not more triumphantly one than were these two mortals, from that first glimpse to the scene at Blake's death-bed, when he improvised songs of joy and triumph, saying to his wife: "My beloved, they are not mine, no, they are not mine."

In study of the life of Blake, as in study of his work, is fine refreshment; in both you come into contact with a

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fierce spiritual energy and are revitalized by the shock. There was in him an intensity of life hard for us to realize: "Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God, and in the abysses of the accuser", he wrote, speaking truly. In that central fire at the heart of him burned a profound sense of the imperishable passion of life aflame in least things, as in great, throughout the universe; and, imperfect as is much of his expression, he makes us aware of this as no other poet, save Dante, has done. Many of his sayings betray this secret of his power. "Energy is the only life", is a mere prose statement of that which, in his verse, becomes a quality, a potency. Life was inconceivable to him except as incessant creative work, and to him the only damnation possible for the human soul was an instant's inactivity. To whatever Blake gave being, in that white heat of mind and soul, in all that he did, tried, achieved, he burned with the one flame. Beauty was to him a live passion; holiness an intense, unresting activity; love, a power in the quick of creation, resistless, unceasing in energy, not asking, never demanding, but giving. The "one thought" which, for Blake, filled immensity, was quick with primal creative power. There is in him a singleness of aim through diversity of work, hardly to be found again, an ardent unity of inspiration through life and art and poetry.

Blake's impetuosity gives you wings, sets your spirit free. To invite his presence is to hear the key turn, unlocking the door of any mental prison whatsoever; about all his work is an atmosphere of liberty, freedom, escape. The wings of birds that fly out from among the lines of the illustrated books, as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* are not more free, sweeping in lovely flight through the blue ether, nor are those steeds, with their tails whistling upon the winds of outermost space. In all his drawing, etching, artistic design, the pages seem to tremble with the intellectual and spiritual vehemence that have gone into artistic creation; with the vigor of those living creatures that sing or move thereon. The leap of the steeds, the beating of their wild hoofs, the swirl of the great serpents moving in vast free spaces, the power of song in exulting throats, make the pages pulse with life, vibrate with energy. Watching, you move in time with celestial activities: the sweep of the stars through space, the swing of the planets in their courses, the consuming energy of fire; you feel that, if, in all the

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universe of universes, motion should cease for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, the whole woven web of things would fall to bits.

There is a transfiguring and transforming power in Blake's poetry; the passion of his page makes a wholly different impression from that of the ordinary printed book. Here, as in his designing, you are aware of consuming and creating activity; again you are out where all the winds of God are blowing; and everywhere is a sound of wings. Blake could conceive of nothing except in terms of its highest energy; whatever he is rendering, he gives you life at the quick.

> He who bends to himself a joy
> Does the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses the joy as it flies
> Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

From the first, this quality is apparent; Nature is revealed to him only in its creative activity, as is evident already in the *Poetical Sketches* of 1783. In Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, an energy of life is at work; nothing is static. Here is much of the power, developing in greater beauty in the later poems, of interpreting Nature, not through amiable contemplation and observation, as was the fashion of the time, but through entering into its very vital processes. There is increasing potency in this quality; many and lovely are its expressions. The *Songs of Innocence,* 1789, and the *Songs of Experience,* 1794, sing of Nature still more clearly as life, vitality. The expression of this is exquisitely gentle in *The Wild Flowers' Song,* while in *Daybreak,* the fiery soul of Blake flames out:

> To find the western path
> Right through the gates of wrath
> I urge my way.

Lamb and "Tiger, tiger, burning bright", are rendered not in description, but interpretation of the soul of lamb and of tiger, as, later, in *Milton,* he sings of the lark in terms of the lark's intensest life, mounting upon wings of light above the blue, and leading the choir of day. Life on the wing, life in its fierce and primal vitality, life quick at the root, pulsating, vibrating, creative life we find here; it is noteworthy that sunflower and tiger, no less than the clod, the chimney-sweeper, and the little vagabond, are among the *Songs of Experience.*

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Blake's intense vitality shows in his swift and passionate sympathy with pain, and with those whose true self is unexpressed because of laws and restrictions, binding Nature's divine wild impulse. He was not of those who learn to love human kind being taught, as this or that aspect of philanthropic thought is presented through sermon or treatise; his compassion for suffering men, women, children, animals, was a fiery, spontaneous, inner energy, a flame of living love. This gives his pleas for orphan, harlot, chimney-sweep, and hunted hare an exquisite power of appeal.

Sympathy with childhood was something new in the literature of the time; Blake's lyric pages echo with the laughter and the shouts of playing children. Who else in that grim century could have interpreted the brief safety of babyhood, or have made the mood of a vexed school-boy sing like a bird? He shows you the orphan children of London walking two and two on Holy Thursday, but here, and in other haunting poems, it is not mere child faces that you see; through that wonderful imaginative vision, the very soul of childhood looks out upon you, the shining white soul of the little black boy, and of chimney-sweepers who do not win the green play-spaces by the river in the sun until they have been locked in coffins and are set free by an angel with a golden key.

The loveliness of his sympathy often meets perfect expression in words of utter simplicity:

> Can I see another's woe
> And not be in sorrow too?

And again:

> I heard an angel singing
> When the day was springing:
> Mercy, pity, and peace,
> Are the world's release.

More startling than Blake's pleas for suffering childhood must have seemed, to his generation, his pleas for suffering animals:

> A Robin Redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A horse misused upon the road
> Calls to heaven for human blood.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Each outcry of the hunted hare
> A fibre from the brain does tear.

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This sense of kinship with beast and bird must have baffled his contemporaries more completely when it took profounder form, hinting Blake's belief in the unity of all life:

> The caterpillar on the leaf
> Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.

The burning love within him found expression, not only in song, but in acts of practical kindliness, unobtrusive, delicate enough to match the verse. There are certain of his sayings that express a depth of thought and feeling to which one gets back again and again, as to hid treasure: "Heaven is not a place where there is no sin, but where there is perpetual forgiveness of sins." Of that energy of living love within him, perhaps he never made clearer expression than in this fragment:

> The Angel that presided at my birth
> Said: 'Little creature made of joy and mirth,
> Go, love without the help of anything on earth.'

No lark could sing more enchantingly than did Blake in much of his lyric work; here is no hesitation; it is spontaneous, irresistible melody. In the mid-period, when he has fully found his voice, and no longer echoes now and then the Elizabethans as in his earliest work, it is pure Blake. The wild, clear note goes sounding through his lyric verse always; the perfectness of Blake's finest work, the harmony and fullness of the vowel sounds, the freedom and the sweetness of the music, are astonishing in that century which attained correctness in poetry by counting syllables upon the fingers; and, once heard, it may not be forgotten. The magic sweetness of the early verse lingers in the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience*, which give still fuller evidence of lyric melody and originality in their haunting cadences:

> Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
> Who countest the steps of the sun;
> Seeking after that sweet golden clime
> Where the traveller's journey is done.

At its best, the lyric of Blake is one, entire, with singleness of thrust, with imaginative wholeness of appeal, driven home by passion of feeling, by sweet energy of metre, and by a clear, bright concreteness of phrase. From the first, there is apparent a certain splendor of the image-making faculty which later becomes more significant and far-reaching, as in:

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Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.

and in

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

Blake never introduces the material thing for its own sake; there are no mere objects in his work. Everywhere are touches of beauty, radiant glimpses, but the visible something must help in interpreting soul power or power of body, that life sweetly and energetically filling eternity. The earliest work has less of mysticism, though something of wide distances and starry spaces lingers when he talks of the least things and the nearest. The tendency to make the apparent body forth the unapparent deepens as time goes on; there is a drift of the tangible concrete toward symbol; child faces, bird, tree, and flower take on the beauty and the significance of the invisible; the work of the lyric poet is more and more determined by the seer. No mere statement of his poetic gospel could be as beautiful as his lines:

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild-flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

In the *Songs of Innocence, Piper, Lamb,* and *Little Boy Lost,* are more than lamb, piper, and little boy; and the lines from *Night* suggest something, still more apparent in the later *Songs of Experience,* of that sense of invisible reality that presses hard on the reality of things seen and heard:

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright.

The finite is for Blake always slipping into the infinite. "If the doors of perception were cleansed," he wrote, "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite"; and Blake is forever cleansing the doors of perception.

"I assert for myself," said he, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is a hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'When the sun

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rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, not with it."

There was in Blake an overmastering power of vision, an excess of that which Ruskin calls the "penetrative power" of the imagination, not fully matched by the "shaping power of imagination." The imaginative wholeness of his best lyrics is not found in the series of Prophetic Books, which began with *The Book of Thel,* 1789; here his deepest meanings seldom get full expression; the achievement in no way matches the dream. He is urged on by a too impatient mysticism, hard-pressed by his deepening sense of pulsating spiritual energy through all the universe; the symbols lure him hither and yon, multiplying, vanishing in space. Alas for the runaway horses of the chariot of Elijah! The Prophetic Books are as the stammerings of a god, learning human speech; they are confused, inarticulate, though now and then articulate in a way that makes you catch your breath at the leaping splendor of inspired speech. Visualizing or half visualizing abstract idea itself, instead of form that should embody abstract idea, he slips into allegory that is often confused and incoherent; the concrete vanishes in misty symbol, symbols of symbols, until often the reader seems walking, with no sense of starting point or of goal, through gray Ossianic mists of thought and of diction.

The whole shadowy system of the Prophetic Books centers in spiritual struggle, struggle to cast off the oppressor of the human soul. Great shapes of falling tyrants, of gallant, fighting spirits wrestle there, as oppression is broken by a saviour or deliverer, or energy, life, vitality are bound by the tryant. All endeavor to express Blake's conviction of the unity of life, the futility of man-made laws, the impotence of reason, the omnipotence of the imagination; and the struggle of the central intellectual faculty, imagination, to win freedom from the bars and bolts of reason, is marked, now by triumph, now by defeat. He would be a bold person,—and such have been,—who would attempt to explain the whole of the myth, and point out the entire significance of the allegorical personages, some of whom deepen the enigma by apparently taking on new names and new offices,

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though doubtless to Blake the new was always an outcome of the old. Puzzling as to details, each book yet presents a fairly clear *motif*. In the *Book of Urizen* (1794) the man-child, Orc, born of Time and Space, is bound to a rock in the shadow of Urizen, or Reason, here more specifically the god of demonstrated religions. In the course of ages, Orc is set free by Los, or Time, and Urizen himself is bound. The tyrant, now free, now in chains, now victimizing, now himself a victim, persists in the ceaseless struggle, and in his own ceaseless, meaningless activities:

> And wherever he wander'd in sorrows
> Upon the agèd Heavens,
> A cold Shadow follow'd behind him,
> Like a spider's web, moist, cold, and dim,
> Drawing out from his sorrowing soul,
> . . . . . .
> Till a web, dark and cold, throughout all
> The tormented element stretched
> From the sorrows of Urizen's soul.
> . . . . . .
> None could break the web, no wings of fire,
> So twisted the cords, and so knotted
> The meshes, *twisted like to the human brain.*
> And all called it the net of Religion.

Again, *The Song of Los* (1795) tells of the evil that came when Urizen, or Reason, made laws for mankind.

> There were the Churches, Hospitals, Castles, Palaces,
> Like nets and gins and traps to catch the joys of Eternity,
> And all the rest a desert,
> Till, like a dream, Eternity was obliterated and erasèd. . . .

The Book of Los, of the same year, gives the binding of Urizen by Los, or Time, and the forming of light into an orb, when

> Circling round the dark Demon with howlings
> Dismay, and sharp blightings, the Prophet
> Of Eternity beat on his iron links.

In *Milton*, the poet, divinely gifted, but, according to Blake, succumbing to a mechanical religion of man-made law, is sent to earth with the task of freeing his own imagination, and rescuing Blake's, from the ensnarer, Reason. In *Jerusalem*, Albion, or man, succumbs to the tyrant:

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It is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power, that negatives everything.
This is the Spectre of Man, the Holy Reasoning Power,
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation.

. . . . . .

O Human Imagination! O Divine Body I have crucified!
I have turned my back upon thee into the wastes of Moral Law;

laments Albion. At length Albion wakes to vital love, which is true righteousness; and Jerusalem, a woman, symbol of the perfect city and of inspired love, with him enters into life eternal.

So, through the weltering of unachieved creation, of "surging, sulphurous, perturbèd, mad raging," with sound of great blows, of showers of sparks from Titanic anvils, the sight of mighty figures falling, falling, the sense of æons passing, we become aware of that vast spiritual struggle which reaches through the abysses of space. Every remotest region, every outermost verge, is alive with a passion of mental energy, with the might of the soul coming to be. Gleams of supernal light fall on you; you have glorious moments of sharing, but you never watch the whole of the battle; the unthroning of shadowy evil, the binding of shadowy good, are too vast even for him to visualize and dramatize. So grandly true is his meaning that one is always looking for a great creative embodiment of it, but it is not there. The Prophetic Books are neither pure thought nor assured poetic vision; they halt in a limbo between nothingness and creation. One must be content with moments of divine insight, and with the glory of shattered phrases here and there, shining bits, as firm and as celestial as the golden floor of Heaven itself.

Perhaps no known form of poetry, no poetic measure, could fit itself to express what he had to say. It is evident, in reading the Prophetic Books, that Blake hears a music which he does not make audible, is conscious of divine harmonies where, often, we get discord or blank prose. The swift words, which he insisted came through celestial dictation, were temporarily, in the fire of his inspiration, clothed for him in a glory not, alas! enduring. He who successfully evades a law must be follower of a higher law; we care not how "wild and harmonized a tune" any spirit "strike from all the beautiful," so long as it be harmonized, and a tune; Blake's verse, in the Prophetic Books, impresses us as

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the work of one who has not more to offer, but less, than he whose work makes certain music. Sharp, pointed, significant aphorisms are there, an occasional verse of great melodic power; but it is strange that he whose lyric work, much of it at least, had such haunting perfectness of melody, should have lost it in these abrupt, prophetic chants.

However unequal to his great message a part of Blake's utterance is, he becomes for us, through study of his life, his verse, his letters, his engravings, more real than the people we have known in the flesh. His own age thought him mad; what but mad could the thinkers of that time count one who said:

> He's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can perceive.

Now, when the dogmatic rationalism of the eighteenth century has been replaced by the naïve dogmatic materialism of our time, more mad than ever must seem this man who, in the name of the spirit, fiercely denied the existence of the world of matter; who admonished men that they "consider their spiritual life, regardless of that faint shadow called natural life"; who wrote: "Every mortal loss is an immortal gain; the ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity"; who actually believed that "there is none who dies but is bettered by the change," and said: "The door of death is made of gold." In the luxury of life to-day, intensified by great wealth, what term can be found to express the extent of madness in one who dreaded nothing so much as riches, lest he should lose his spiritual riches, saying: "I possess my visions, and peace."

To live thus is not only to triumph gloriously over life and Time, but to serve as prophet, promising victory to others also. In his immediate knowledge of divine things, his overmastering of doubt, his power of inspired assertion, he is one of earth's greatest. From the shock of contact with this bracing and potent idealism, one comes back armed anew for the fight. Mad? Surely not half so mad as the materialist; "he whose face gives no light shall never become a star." If madness means a controlling central conviction, it is well that this be high and sacred; surely Blake, to use his own words, was, his life long,

> A Watcher, and a holy one.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE LAST OF THE POETS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It has been said of that brilliant genius lately dead, Rupert Brooke, that, "in common with many thinking men of his age, he was in deadly fear of . . . winning fame as a beautiful poet of beautiful themes." It is to be suspected that there are to-day many who, busily following after the strange gods of "the New Poetry," would confidently and a little contemptuously dispose of William Butler Yeats as merely that which Rupert Brooke so desperately feared to become—merely "a beautiful poet of beautiful themes." The typical poet of to-day is chiefly conspicuous for his disdain of the poetical. His contempt for the traditional associations, the traditional materials, of poetry, is deep and immitigable. He himself is brisk, efficient, prosperous. His verse, issued in book-form, runs through several editions in as many months. His aversion to metre is incurable; and like the gentleman in Dickens who passionately disliked soup, he is "adamant" in the matter of rhyme. He chooses to believe that he has discovered "free verse"; and he will tell you that the time has come to "strip poetry of its meaningless tatters of form, and clothe her in new, suitable garments."

For these competent and untroubled beings, such a figure as William Butler Yeats must seem like a phantasmal survivor of a past that is forever dead. "There were moments when poetry ceased to charm others, but never him," says Katharine Tynan, writing of the youthful Yeats in her *Reminiscences*. "I remember one very wet night, after we had

[1] *W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study.* By Forrest Reid. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1915.

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been to a meeting of the Protestant Home Rule Association, when we waited in Westmoreland street for a tram; I in my smart clothes, my high-heeled French shoes, standing in a pool of water; the wind driving the rain as it does only in a sea-bound city; Willie holding the umbrella at an acute and absent-minded angle which could shelter nobody, pouring the while into my ears *The Sensitive Plant.*" Surely this must be the last of the poets!—the poets as we have liked to conceive of them. The modern *vers librist* is far too intelligent to be guilty of the absurdity of quoting Shelley whilst waiting for a street-car in a rain-storm; and doubtless *The Sensitive Plant* would seem to him a little outmoded, anyway.

As a matter of fact, even Mr. Yeats has survived himself; so that we should rather say that he *was,* not "is," the last of the poets. The Yeats of to-day is not the rapturous singer of the late nineties: he is now, as Mr. Forrest Reid observes in his admirable and wholly satisfying study of the poet, "no longer afraid to bring fleas and lice into his verse." It is indeed more than likely that the rather indurated and too cerebral Yeats of 1915 is a little ashamed of the Yeats of 1899—the Yeats of *The Wind Among the Reeds.* Not long ago we asked one who knows him well what the poet was at work upon. "Oh," said he, "Willie is very busy just now trying to keep color out of his verse."

But though Mr. Yeats may have survived himself, he cannot so easily efface the record of that which he was, despite his perturbing habit of tinkering with his earlier work. He is as enamored of new versions as Signor d'Annunzio is of new waistcoats, of which his wardrobe is said to receive interminable accessions. There are, for example, at least three different versions of *The Shadowy Waters,* each one of a poetic value inferior to its predecessor; and the first and surpassing version is not included in the *Collected Works.* Yet this earliest version still exists, of course, for those whose appreciation of it is juster than the author's own; and so it is, happily, with the bulk of his finest work: it survives its alterations, and can yield for us to-day, as it did a score of years ago, delight of a kind which no other body of English verse can quite afford.

It is perfectly true, as Mr. Reid says, that though Yeats has frequently been underrated, he has never yet been overrated. His *Collected Works,* in eight volumes, were issued in 1908; he is by this time fairly entitled to be called a mod-

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ern classic; yet where and when has there been adequate recognition of his extraordinary genius?

Doubtless to-day Mr. Reid will be sharply taken to task by many who will be unable to believe that Yeats is ~~as fine~~ a poet as his appreciator says he is. For to the great majority, Yeats is still, very likely, merely the leading figure in the Irish Theatre movement, or is remembered vaguely as the protagonist of the "Celtic Renaissance." Probably there are even some who, hearing the name of the most gifted poet of his time, will ask, like the enquirer in Mr. Zangwill's deathless tale, "What are yeats?"

It is perhaps to be the fate of Mr. Yeats that he will abide among that small clan of geniuses who, by reason of a certain special quality of address, must always be content with an immortality that is divorced from popular fame. It is the destiny of Blake and Meredith and Rossetti—Rossetti the poet; it will be, one would say, the destiny of Loeffler and Debussy and Yeats. In the work of each of these artists there is something secluded, something rare and aloof, that will forever limit the range of their persuasion. This poetry, this music, is "beautiful as a woman who comes from very far." It will live forever in the hearts of some; it can have no life at all in the hearts of many. The appeal of such an artist must always be mysterious: he comes to us, in Pater's words, "like one on a secret errand."

So we find Mr. Yeats to-day: now past his fiftieth year; a fairly copious producer of verse, of prose, of drama, a critic and philosopher, who has already put behind him his *Collected Works*; a writer who has won celebrity without popular fame; a genius who is among the greatest in English poetry.

It is a striking peculiarity of Mr. Yeats's verse that it seems almost always to have sounded like himself. There is in his early verse surprisingly little of Keats or Tennyson or Shelley or Browning or Swinburne—though he did once try an experiment in what Mr. Reid calls "the *Dolores* jingle." There is, on the contrary, a great deal that is wholly his own —as these lines from *The Stolen Child:*

> Where the wave of moonlight glosses
> The dim grey sands with light—

wherein his touch is unmistakable. He seems almost from the first to have found for himself an accent, a turn of speech,

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that were personal and unique. His rhythms were his own, his imagery was his own, the emotional color was his own. The eyes that are " dull with the smoke of their dreams "; the trees " dropping old silence "—reading such phrases as these you realize at once that no one but Yeats could have written them: and they are from *The Wanderings of Oisin*, written in his early twenties. And in this flawless lyric from the *Countess Cathleen* volume of 1892, with its grave, subtle, lingering rhythms, its magical simplicity, its rich emotional overtones, its enamoring tonal beauty, you get the essential Yeats, authentic and unmistakable:

> When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
> And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
> And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
> Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true;
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
> And bending down beside the glowing bars
> Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
> And paced upon the mountains overhead
> And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

The exponents of " the New Poetry " are fond of telling us that it is their mission to free poetry of ornament, of embroidery, of decoration; of the artificiality of rhyme and metre. Well, here is poetry, almost a quarter of a century old, that is as spare, as direct, as unadorned, as unrhetorical, as any that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters can show us,—even though it has not shaken off the ancient superstitions of rhyme and metre.

Such a poem as this is of his finest and most treasurable. Would that he had not been tempted into certain diverting and unprofitable endeavors that have wasted his spiritual and artistic substance!—his preoccupation with occultism, his dabbling in magical lore, in spiritualism; his one-time devotion to the formalism of symbolic speech; and that supremely unfortunate persuasion that he is a playwright rather than a lyric poet. These things have wasted time and vitality. Long ago he said that it might well be " that men are only able to fashion into beautiful shapes the most delicate emotions of the soul, spending their days with a patience like the patience of the Middle Ages in the perfect rounding

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of a verse, or the perfect carving of a flower, when they are certain that the soul will not die with the body, and that the gates of peace are wide, and that the watchers are at their places on the wall." One can but wish that he had never foregone so fitting an aspiration. He was never meant to be other than a vehicle of beautiful and passionate utterance,—a lyric voice, predominantly tragical in its burden and in the timbre of its speech. He holds us most enthralled when he is speaking, not parochially of Ireland alone or of its saints and heroes; nor when, in the symbolistic cipher that he has employed at times, he tells us of "Aedh" and "Hanrahan" and the "Horses of Disaster"; but when he speaks to us of the hands and the twilight hair of his beloved; of old griefs; of swallows "flashing their white breasts," and dreaming water-fowl, and the wind among the reeds; of the bitter-sweetness of Autumn days, the pathos and the ecstasy of dawns and sunsets, the shadows of clouds; of desire and despair, terror and weariness, destiny and defeat, love and death. Then, through these lucid and revealing images, we get that which is the philosophic burden of all his singing—a profound and inappeasable longing of the spirit for fulness and serenity of being. He is like certain of the heroes of his prose-tales, who are consumed by "a devouring spiritual fever, and spend their lives in a restless search for impossible experiences or ineffable loves": for an unattainable reconciliation between desire and fulfilment—

> . . . . where are the holy woods
> That can change love to imperishable fire?

The period of his most perfect flowering was the decade between 1890 and 1900. It was in these years that he put forth *The Countess Cathleen* and the lyrics published with it; *The Land of Heart's Desire; The Wind Among the Reeds;* and the first and finest version of *The Shadowy Waters.* If the little that he wrote before, and the much that he has written since, were lost to us beyond recall, we should still possess a body of verse comparatively slight in bulk but immeasurable in value. The sustained and transporting music of this poetry, its haunting beauty and glamour, its dream-like loveliness, its richness of emotional substance,—now gravely ecstatic, now a white flame of rapture,—its austere and faultless art: these things are beyond praise and beyond compare. Here is poetry that is never trite, or ignoble, or otiose; from

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which paltriness and triviality and commonness are so remote that we forget to notice and to praise their absence; poetry in which there are no interludes of flatness and banality—in which the imaginative tension is unflaggingly sustained.

It need not be denied that a completely god-like perfection of genius might conceivably have ordered differently certain details of structure: that—to speak bluntly—Mr. Yeats is at times inclined toward what the unsympathetic might call mannerisms of technique. Of such, for example, is his almost hypnotic thralldom to the spell of certain epithets, phrases, images. The irreverent and the ribald might possibly display a slightly languid reaction to Mr. Yeats's predilection for hair that is "dim" and "shadowy," for "cloud-pale eyelids" and "pale brows"; and to the repetitious use of certain favorite verbal *clichés*—as "dream," "white," "old," "wandering," "shining," "wind." Nor is it possible to deny that the vision which looks out upon life through the magic casements of this lovely verse is less broad and inclusive than it is concentrated and intense. But, when all is said, how profoundly moving, how profoundly beautiful, is the art of this poet of our own time!—a poet who, we must believe, will some day stand with Shelley as a consummate master of lyric speech.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT. By David Jayne Hill. New York: *D. Appleton and Company, 1915.*

The study of any branch of human progress can scarcely prove fruitful unless man is regarded as in fact the complex being of flesh and mind and spirit, which he knows, or irresistibly feels himself to be. Partial views of man's nature, which represent him as merely the subject of mechanical or quasi-mechanical forces, may lead to conclusions against which the soul revolts—conclusions, too, which prove disastrous when carried out to their ultimate consequences. But historic study, when it reckons in the spiritual factor, deepens, enlarges, and confirms man's self-knowledge in an indispensable way. To study a matter historically is not to substitute science for conscience and common sense: it is to supplement the conscience and common sense of the individual through knowledge of the experience of the race; and however rightly the scientist or metaphysician may question the reality of certain fundamental moral conceptions, the necessity of these to thought and to orderly action appears in history even more clearly than it does in the individual life. It is because David Jayne Hill unites with much historical learning a conception of human nature that is sound and complete that his treatise, *The People's Government,* is one of the very few books in which simplicity and profundity are at one.

The first conception which emerges from a study of the development of civilization is that of the State as an embodiment of force. Very clearly the author shows how of necessity this conception arose and how in accordance with purely material laws it has persisted in disguised or in frankly recognized forms. Openly avowed in *The Prince* of Machiavelli, the doctrine is merely masked in the writings of Jean Bodin, whose philosophy is still current. The theory of absolutism sought the protection of religion and invented the dogma of divine right. For the divine right of kings the French Revolution merely substituted the divine right of the people. *Votre Majesté* became *Votre Majorité,* but the underlying conception of sovereignty remained substantially unchanged. "Between the conception of the State entertained by Louis XIV and that of the

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leaders of the French Revolution there was not the slightest difference. *L'état c'est moi* could be said as truly by the one as by the other."

The origin and history of the idea of absolutism strongly suggests that the prevalence of this notion is to be explained by the working of a natural law: and so it is—but by natural law of a purely material sort. Though the tendency practically to identify might with right is constant and natural, it does not follow that we are its helpless victims. "War with wild beasts," writes the author, "the conflicts over the possession of their remains—these formed the first hard school in which the science of politics learned its A, B, C, and for long ages all its literature was spelled in the runic letters first traced by the primitive weapons of the stone age upon the field of battle." But are we to conclude that the history of the State can never be written in other characters? To do so is as illogical as to refuse to take the step which evolutionary theory requires us to take from unconsciousness to consciousness in the development of human life. And it is to ignore a significant part of the teachings of history. "Historically as well as theoretically, it is through their own thoughts as well as by brute force that men have been governed. Behind the reasoning there has always gleamed the glaive, but even the naked sword has made its appeal to reason." For the human mind can never remain satisfied with any pretext or theory which identifies power with authority.

Analyzing the State as a human ideal, Dr. Hill proceeds to show that the conception of authority cannot rest upon that of power; but that it depends ultimately upon "one of the most immediate universal and indisputable of human intuitions—the distinction between right and wrong." Its basis is not personal but impersonal; not mechanical but spiritual. This fundamental truth proves amazingly clarifying and fertile. To grasp it fully is to wake from the nightmare of metaphysical perplexity and to find oneself sane; it is to recover that reverence for law which is as old as the days of Socrates and as uncommon now as it was then. From this axiomatic truth—a truth without which we can neither think clearly nor act to good purpose—the author derives the principle that the law is based not upon any divinely conferred power of the State or of the people, but upon mutual obligation. Thus, for a principle quasi-religious or pseudo-scientific is substituted one that is both spiritual and indisputably real. It is not until one reaches Dr. Hill's chapter upon "The Law as Mutual Obligation" that one realizes how sound and thorough has been the preceding analysis. For here the author's fundamental conception of law proves its worth by affording a sound and satisfactory definition of inherent rights, and in particular, by dissipating the perplexities which have gathered around the idea of property. It is used, too, with equally enlightening effect to set in their true perspective the value of the fundamental law and the

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duties of the citizen, both as law-maker and as subject to the law.

Much that is sound and deeply pondered has been written by various competent and sincere thinkers with a similar end in view —the end of establishing democracy upon sure principles and of proving the permanent value of our American institutions. It is doubtful, however, if any study so penetrating, so immediately convincing, so free from philosophic objections, as this of David Jayne Hill's has heretofore been given to the public. Though the author makes no attempt to solve in detail problems which must for a long time to come puzzle the conscience and the reason of the American people, it is not too much to say that he has marked out that road from which the wayfarer, though a fool, need not stray.

THE AMERICAN ARMY. By William Harding Carter, Major General, United States Army. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1915.

No doubt many Americans have been guilty in the past of a certain excess of complacency regarding our national valor and the security of our country from aggression—a state of mind coupled in some cases with an attitude of indifference, if not of contempt, toward the American Army. Upon the subject of preparedness, however, the European war has startled us wide awake. Popular sentiment in favor of reasonable preparation for possible war is now probably even stronger than the many surface indications show. But what is reasonable preparation? Leaving out of account the moral fervor of the extreme militarists and of the extreme peace-advocates, what military policy and method may we best choose? These are questions that thousands of American citizens are earnestly asking. As a nation, we are in a mood to welcome authentic and detailed information regarding our army, and to give careful heed to the soberly thought-out conclusions of responsible experts.

It is likely, therefore, that Major General William Harding Carter's recently published book, *The American Army,* will receive more nearly the amount of attention it deserves than would have been the case if it had been issued in less disquieting times; and it is fortunate that just now so sound and rational a book is available. It should be said at once that this thoroughly informed and methodical treatise is by no means excessively warlike in tone. It has nothing in common with such violent flagellations of national overconfidence as Homer Lea's *The Valor of Ignorance,* and the author appears to be a less aggressive militarist than even so sane an advocate of strong armaments as the late Admiral Mahan. Nor is General Carter's account of the present condition of our military affairs designed to be especially alarming. On the contrary, it is reassuring.

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In the first place, the book gives reason for satisfaction in the present organization and personnel of our regular army, properly emphasizing the notable efficiency with which many varied and difficult tasks have been performed and bringing to notice departments of work concerning which little is generally known. In the second place—and here lies the special merit of the treatise—it points out for the future a policy that is reasonably consistent with the past, consonant with common sense, and in harmony with the ideals of a great democracy.

After demonstrating in brief though sufficiently convincing fashion the improbability of the supposition that the generally peaceful disposition of this country will invariably keep it out of war, and the folly of the belief that defenselessness is a safeguard against aggression, General Carter proceeds to define the lessons which we have learned—or ought to have learned—from the past. The result reveals a remarkable consensus of opinion from the time of Washington and Hamilton down to the days of Taft and Wilson. We ought to nationalize our forces; we should no longer attempt to make war as a federation of forty-eight States. The basis of our defense should be a Federal army of regulars and volunteers under the direct control of the President. The militia of the States should be composed of men enlisting with the distinct agreement that their services should not be called for otherwise than as provided in the Constitution. Moreover, the term of enlistment for volunteers should be, in time of peace, two years, this period to be extended in case of war to three years, or the duration of the war. These are the lessons of the Revolutionary War and of the Civil War; they are also the chief lessons of the war with Spain.

Fundamentally, then, General Carter's book is a plea for a well-organized volunteer system as opposed to the present plan which makes the militia practically our sole reliance apart from the regular army. "The organized militia," writes the author, in justifiable italics, "as yet *is the only available military force other than the regulars, with any training whatever; but the error of the whole situation, and one needing immediate remedy, lies in the attempt to nationalize the militia of the States and yet retain it under control of the governors until actually in the service of the United States during war,* and then to continue the appointment and promotion of officers in the hands of the governors." Up to the present, the efforts made to insure the nationalization of State troops in time of war have brought no satisfactory results; nor does there appear to be any real hope of patching up a system that is essentially illogical and cumbersome. As an illustration of the embarrassments at present attending the mobilization of our land forces, may be cited the law, which provides that only after the organized land militia of any arm or class shall have been called into service may volunteers of that particular arm or class be raised. Since for service beyond

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our borders the militia cannot be called but must volunteer, it is evident that, in the case for example of a war with Mexico, the President would be obliged to wait until each militia organization had decided whether three-fourths of the minimum number prescribed as the strength of that particular unit would volunteer, before calling out volunteers of similar arms or classes.

First among the objections to the militia system as a mainstay stand the limitations defined by the Constitution upon the employment of this force—limitations which heavily discount its usefulness except for the manning of coast defenses, a service for which it is both needed and eminently fit. But this is not all. A practical disadvantage of a sort unlikely to occur to a layman, and one that cannot well be removed by any legislative makeshift, is found in the fact that there is an inevitable lack of proportion in the distribution of State troops among the various branches of the service. Militia in the future as in the past will consist mainly of infantry; cavalry and artillery to balance this defect must be supplied by the regular army, with the result that the organization of the latter "can never be based upon its use as a complete field army, for it must always comprise an undue proportion of cavalry, field artillery, and special branches to balance the infantry of the citizen soldiery." A further reason for preferring the system of organized Federal volunteers—the system that seems in outline the simplest, the most direct in action, the freest from objections of all sorts—is that it would remove those inequalities of taxation which arise from the fact that some States maintain miniature armies, while others go to the opposite extreme.

As one peruses General Carter's many-sided discussion, the conviction grows that our present plan of reliance upon militia and upon levies of untrained volunteers enlisted after war has been declared is dangerously inadequate. The author concludes—and it is not easy to find a genuine point of disagreement with him—that a force of Federal volunteers should be created as a supplement to the regular army and maintained both in peace and in war. "The batteries, troops, companies, battalions, and regiments, of the Federal volunteers should be organized in Congressional districts and in such numbers as may be proportionally and equitably allotted by the President, the total force not to exceed the strength authorized by Congress, and the officers of such organizations to be appointed by the President. . . . All laws providing for the use of the militia in conflict with the Constitution, as interpreted by the Attorney-General of the United States, should be formally repealed and no further attempts made to provide for the use of the national guard and organized militia for general war purposes. It should be clearly understood that those who desire to serve in war without regard to State or National borders must attach themselves to the Federal volunteers." There appears to be nothing

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revolutionary in these propositions; on the contrary, the plan outlined seems to be in obvious accord with the Constitution and with the spirit of our Government. It does not savor of militarism; it does savor of common sense.

Apart from obvious general considerations of efficiency and ease in operation, there are aspects of military policy that can only be understood through a somewhat careful examination of detailed facts. Among these is the matter of economy. One of the principal objections to short-term enlistments is the increased expenditures to which they give rise in the form of pensions—a fact of which the experience of the Government immediately after the close of the war with Spain furnishes regrettable but convincing proof. The fault, however, is not all with human nature, but in major part with a system which inevitably results in relative injustice if it does not lend itself to fraud. The author's analysis of this subject leads to an important conclusion which is backed by reason and by army records: "One man enlisted for three years furnishes but one probable pensioner, and his services will be far more valuable than those of six men called in for six months, each of whom may become a pensioner. The three-months' men might, and probably would, in the same period furnish twelve pensioners." General Carter does not, of course, urge a policy of heartless parsimony; he merely contends that, if lavish expenditure is necessary, it may be applied to better advantage in preparing for war than in repairing a needless waste after the war is over.

Another question upon which statistics throw a rather striking light is that of reserves. It is surprising to find that under the new system of long enlistments, with part of the service in the reserves, it will be many years before any considerable number of reservists will be accumulated; yet when the number of men discharged in one year from an average body of regulars by expiration of service is compared with the number whose connection with the organization is severed in some other way during the same period, the truth of this proposition becomes manifest.

Of only slightly less interest to the general reader than his discussions of general policy are General Carter's accounts of more technical matters—his review of army administration and of army command, his sketch of the history and work of the General Staff Corps, his recommendations for the creation and maintenance of an "expeditionary force" to serve as a model tactical unit and school of practice, for the formation of a body of "colonial troops," and for the establishment of regimental depots to pass trained men into the ranks of organizations employed in active campaign. On the one hand, it is instructive to observe the manner in which we have "muddled through" in attaining the degree of military efficiency of which we can now justly boast; on the other hand, it is surprising to learn what a mass of experience and expert opinion

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lies back of the modest proposals for change which the author urges.

General Carter's book possesses very little of the facile interest of a popular magazine article. Far from being sensational or overemphatic, it errs if at all in the direction of an excessive fulness and circumspection of statement, which tend to diminish the force of its effect upon the casual reader. The author, too, while he never indulges in technicality to the point of obscurity, perhaps takes for granted more familiarity with the problems of the army than most laymen possess. His book requires some study for its proper understanding, but it will amply repay the time and attention spent upon it, by putting the reader in possession of authentic facts and an instructive point of view.

GERMAN CULTURE. Edited by Professor W. P. Paterson of Edinburgh University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

It is a curious phenomenon of the times that a book so encyclopedic in scope and method, so entirely impartial in tone and unrhetorical in style as the symposium upon German culture to which a number of British scholars under the editorship of Professor Paterson have contributed, should be produced at this time with a view to enlightening public opinion. In contents the book is admirable, allowance being made for the great extent of the subject-matter treated and the narrowness of the space to which the authors are confined. The introductory historical sketch, "Germany and Prussia," by Richard Lodge, professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, is a model of clear narration, of wise selection and emphasis. With the skill and breadth of view requisite to make a broad survey instructive, A. D. Lindsay, Fellow and Tutor in Balliol College, Oxford, outlines the characteristics of German philosophy. Professor J. Arthur Thomson of the University of Aberdeen in discussing the question, "What Science Owes to German Investigators," writes in effect a brief and extraordinarily compact history of modern science. His account is necessarily of somewhat restricted interest, and indeed comes measurably near to being a mere catalogue of names and achievements; but it attains the end of strict impartiality through its comprehensiveness and its conscientious detail. Each of the articles composing the volume is, in fact, a triumph in the art of telling much in little. German Literature is dealt with by John Lees, lecturer on German in the University of Aberdeen; German Art, by G. Baldwin Brown, professor of Fine Arts in the University of Edinburgh; German Music, by D. F. Tovey, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh; German Education, by Michael E. Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds; the political and economic aspects of German nationalism, by D. H. McGregor, professor of Political Economy in the Univer-

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sity of Leeds; German Religion and Theology, by W. P. Paterson, professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In no case are these discourses imbued with controversial passion, and in every instance their point of view is that of the broadest scholarship. Slightly more critical in method than the rest, and of greater practical interest, is Mr. Sadler's article upon the strength and weakness of German education—a well considered analysis, contrasting the much lauded and undoubtedly effective German mode of systematic instruction with the English training, which lays relatively more stress upon the formation of individual judgment and character.

The conclusion which emerges from all this is, of course, that, while German contributions to knowledge, literature, art, and life, have been notably large and of very great value, Germany can properly claim no marked superiority in culture over other civilized nations. Considering the difficult nature of the task which the authors of *German Culture* have imposed upon themselves their success is remarkable. The obvious comment upon the book is that, apart from its usefulness in subjecting extreme German pretensions to the test of cold analysis, there is no special reason why any one should desire the particular body of highly condensed information which it supplies.

THE WEALTH AND INCOME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Willford Isbell King. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Intelligent citizenship has come to demand an understanding of many things. In particular it calls for something like accurate knowledge of the facts underlying those economic conditions concerning which so many questions are asked and so many assertions are made. Is population increasing faster than wealth and income? Is the apparent increase in the wealth of our country merely an illusion arising from fluctuations in the supply of the medium of exchange? Has the increase in riches, if real, been distributed to all classes of the population, or have the benefits been confined to a few? Are the landlords, the capitalists, the captains of industry, or the wage earners, receiving the principal share of the gain? Such questions as these, often passionately debated, can be profitably discussed only upon a basis of truth determined by statistical inquiry.

Unfortunately the facts available for arriving at conclusions regarding the wealth and income of the people of the United States are rather meagre. Dr. King, however, has thoroughly canvassed the field, and he has used such care to reduce the percentage of possible error in his calculations that he is justified in claiming for his conclusions at least approximate truth. His study covers in a

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general way a period of sixty years, beginning with 1850, and it becomes more detailed as the number and accuracy of the available records increase.

Through the clearness with which he defines fundamental ideas, through the skill with which he formulates and analyzes the really significant questions, as well as through his expertness as a trained statistician, the author is able to elucidate his subject with uncommon conciseness and freedom from ambiguity. Statistical tables and graphs on many pages strikingly sum up the results of long and careful investigation, here confirming and there contradicting popular notions. Nor is the treatise lacking in the broader kind of discussion. In every inquiry about wealth and income the real crux of the question is the inequality of distribution which is thought to be extreme and which is attributed to many different causes. That this inequality, reduced to terms of per cent., is even greater than it is popularly supposed to be is strikingly shown by Dr. King's tables and diagrams. The author, moreover, admits the feasibility of bringing about by law at least a partial redistribution. But concerning the effect of this, he has something to tell us which may well serve as a corrective to over-enthusiastic dreams of reform. If the utmost feasible redistribution were made—if the Government taxed away all rent and turned the proceeds to the benefit of labor; if one-fourth of all profits were also diverted to the benefit of employees—the income of the average wage-earner would not be increased in purchasing power by more than one-fourth. "After all," declares the author, "the Classical Economists were right in emphasizing the side of production in contradistinction to that of distribution. Nature refuses to yield her bounty except in return for effort expended. Demands for higher wages have never yet unlocked her storehouses." It seems plain, at any rate, that if we look for a universal prosperity not based fundamentally upon increasing the national income, we must go the whole length of the way with Mr. Scott Nearing, and affirm that "interest is wrong"—a thesis which Dr. King as an orthodox economist does not for a moment seriously consider. Poverty, indeed, should go—on that point the author is emphatic, and he believes that the next hundred years should see it practically eradicated from the American domain. But the remedies, in his opinion, lie not in legislation designed to secure a more equable distribution of income, but rather in the restriction of immigration and in the lowering of the birth-rate.

Apart from certain conclusions of this nature—conclusions somewhat too broad in their implications to be satisfactorily established by statistical methods, though of undeniable weight—Dr. King's treatise will prove of great value as a book for study and reference, containing clear-cut definitions of current problems and a quantity of well-reasoned statistical information that will not be found elsewhere.

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THE COLLEGE AND THE FUTURE. Edited by Richard Rice, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

The plan of placing in the hands of college students books of selected essays as a basis for exercises in composition has proved, on the whole, very satisfactory. The volume which Richard Rice, Jr., has prepared for this purpose has the advantage at least of a definite plan of thought-development. Instead of relying for interest and educational effect upon a miscellaneous collection of essays chosen for their stimulating quality and their close relation to life, Mr. Rice aims to lead the student on from narrower to wider fields. Beginning with some essays on the art of writing, continuing with discourses upon various phases of college life and concluding with brief treatises upon such subjects as "The Discovery of the Future" and "The Unity of Human Nature," the book gives no small glimpse into modern literature and thought. Among the authors whose works are employed are: Thomas Hughes, William James, Woodrow Wilson, Simon Newcombe, John Henry Newman, Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, William de Witt Hyde, and Alexander Meiklejohn. Such a collection as Mr. Rice has made of first-rate literary material—material chosen, moreover, with a teacher's understanding of what is likely to hold the attention of undergraduates—cannot fail to serve a good purpose. Viewing the book as a whole, however, one is inclined to wonder whether the selections are sufficiently representative—whether a certain sacrifice of strength and importance in the individual articles has not been made for the sake of the progressive scheme to which the editor is attached. Good and enlightening as are the essays used, it seems that a stronger, if not a better arranged series might be compiled.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

"THE TRAGEDY OF MEXICO"

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger)

COLONEL HARVEY, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has a different conception of loyalty and patriotism than that which would silence every criticism of national policy, especially when it has proved so disastrous to the national honor and the national interests as in the case of President Wilson's method of dealing with the Mexican muddle. It does not help a bad situation to conceal the facts, and plain speaking in the one case may and should lead to more circumspection in dealings with another. It is not an arraignment of the honor and good intentions of an executive to point out fatal errors in his policy, or the disastrous results of those mistakes. The facts about Mexico are plain to all the world, and an ostrich-like procedure in dealing with a question still far from adjustment is neither helpful nor wise.

There can be little doubt, as Colonel Harvey points out, that this Government is directly responsible for much of the misery that has overtaken the Mexican people, and the force of his arraignment is intensified by the knowledge that he speaks as President Wilson's political godfather. It was Harvey's insistent advocacy which first made Professor Wilson a "political possibility," and he speaks of his protégé with first-hand knowledge and condemns his course more in sorrow than in anger. His marshalling of the facts is pitiless in its completeness and its logic, and his conclusions that the President has been vacillating and inconsistent in all his dealings with Mexico, that his warfare directed at Huerta was unjustified, and his ruthless abandonment of Americans south of the Rio Grande was in violation of every principle of national honor and justice are completely justified by the facts.

Colonel Harvey contends that the President of the United States had no moral or legal right to say who shall or shall not be President of Mexico, and that his whole procedure subsequent to his determination to drive Huerta from his place has been lacking in consistency or coherence. And all present indications point to the correctness of his supposition that the Administration is planning to deal with Carranza just as it dealt with Huerta, a course utterly contradictory of the President's own declaration at Indianapolis when he specifically washed his hands of responsibility for Mexico and its internal affairs. It had been far better, heartless though it was, had he adhered to that determination, but his action in putting arms into the hands of the Mexican bandits was far more heartless, for its immediate result was a flood of bloodshed and utter destruction of the hopes that centered about Carranza.

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Nobody desires to minimize the difficulties of the position, and it is not easy to outline a policy for the Administration that would have produced better results, for the very good reason that the President and his advisors alone possessed the full information upon which any national policy could be based. But the mistakes are too evident to be concealed, and no useful purpose will be served by seeking to conceal them. A full exposure, made in the right spirit, ought to be a service to the nation and to the Administration. Little can be hoped for from a President and Cabinet, as Colonel Harvey aptly puts it, who—

"Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by leaving things alone."

But it is the profound hope of every patriotic American that the President and his Cabinet will profit by past failures, and that a policy can be framed and applied which, with or without the assistance of the Central and South American States, will ultimately bring order and peace to the distracted people of Mexico.

THE FORSAKING OF AMERICANS

(*From the Boston Herald*)

Senator Lodge spoke in part as follows:

"I shall not rehearse the story of those dealings with Mexico, but merely say briefly that the Administration neither refrained from interference in Mexico nor interfered effectively. It intervened sufficiently to do infinite harm and not sufficiently to do any good. We did not make war on Mexico, but we did make war on an individual, Gen. Huerta. If you have not all read Col. Harvey's remarkable and brilliant article, entitled 'The Tragedy of Mexico,' which appears in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September, I strongly advise you to do so. I wish every man and woman in the United States would read that article. You will there find an account of what Col. Harvey calls 'our sixth foreign war,' waged against Gen. Huerta.

"It was Mr. Bryan who proposed that the United States should go into the banking business, and on a large scale, in order to develop trade with the countries to the south of us, and in the same breath they say that the property of Americans lawfully in a foreign country is entitled to no protection because it is in a foreign country. This is a wholly novel doctrine and deserves the careful consideration of the American people.

"But they have gone further than this. As I have said, several hundred Americans have been murdered in Mexico. No indemnity has been paid and no murderer, except in rare instances, has been punished, although a promise of reparation has been freely given. They have paid indemnity to Germany for Germans who have been killed or wronged or outraged, but nothing to us.

"Are the American people ready to submit to this proposition, that they are to have no protection from their Government if they go outside the borders of the United States and are lawfully in another country?

"It is an abandonment of the doctrine held and enforced by every civilized country, great and small, and no country has been more jealous of the rights of its citizens hitherto than the United States. No country ought to be more jealous of these rights. We have a great body of naturalized citi-

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zens, drawn from many countries. They are just as fully entitled to protection as the native born, and they need it more when they go beyond the borders of the United States upon their rightful business, because they are more exposed to the invasion of their rights as citizens than those who are citizens by birth. And yet this Administration, in Mexico, has deliberately taken the ground that the right of an American to his property in a foreign land does not exist, and that he may esteem himself fortunate if he can escape with his life.

"This goes much farther than Mexico. It reaches into our relations with all the nations of the earth. Are we prepared to say to the world that we will not extend our protection to our citizens; that when they go beyond our borders they may be outraged, wronged and robbed, and even murdered, with impunity? I do not believe that the American people are ready to accept any such doctrine. I believe they will stand for the rights of American citizens abroad, as well as at home, for which they went to war in 1812 and which they have always sustained. Do not forget that these obligations are reciprocal.

"We are bound, as citizens of the United States, to obey its laws, to support it in peace and defend it in war. If we are so bound, then is the Government which we support and defend equally bound to protect and defend us?

"Such a doctrine as that put forward by this Administration as to Americans in Mexico strikes at the very roots of national honor, of national existence, of national self-respect."

DR. CLARK IS SHOCKED

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

It must suffice here to say that for comprehension, inclusiveness, particularity and precision of details, and severity of condemnation, no indictment of President Wilson's Mexican policy has been framed, so far as we know, that is comparable with this one. The blows of Mr. Roosevelt's bludgeon may have been more brutal, but not much more wounding than those of Mr. Harvey's finer, friendly, and faithful flagellation. Without attempting any full report of this castigation, which we neither enjoy nor approve, a few sentences and phrases will serve to indicate the severity of it: "Fatuous and futile vacillation" is the summary phrase, and then in detail:

"His backing and filling, his repeated intervening without making his interference effectual, his alternating laying and lifting of embargoes, his vague threatenings promptly rendered abortive by assurances that he would not employ force, his subsequent using of the army and navy upon an absurd pretext, only to withdraw them at the moment when a restraining influence was most needed, his petulant defying of public journals which were only performing their duty, his prospective chuckling as the one who laughs last, his cynical abandoning of both Mexicans and Americans to their fate because, forsooth, Europeans also were spilling blood, his strident pledging to leave the tortured country alone and to compel all others to do likewise, only to resume meddling as soon as a disfavored faction seemed likely to gain ascendancy."

Soothing assurances of "excellent intentions and sincere purposes" are interspersed that call to mind the refrain of Marc Antony's famous oration.

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"Yet Brutus was an honorable man!"

Less soothing is the explanation given by friend Harvey of the "President's blundering," that is, "his misconception of his own functions," his assumed "attitude of one divinely appointed to conserve humanity in new and striking way," his forgetfulness "that he was a quite fallible and far from omnipotent being, who in reality had only been elected President of the United States charged with the performance of certain official tasks specifically defined by fundamental law." Editor Harvey concludes his article by advising our Government to turn over this whole business to the more competent envoys of South America, and, in retiring, shoots this Parthian arrow:

"But if stubborn pride shall prevent the adoption of this simple, manly, generous and wholly practicable proposal, we can but look forward with dole and shame to continuance of the miseries already inflicted upon a people whom we would 'serve as friends' by a President and cabinet who—

'Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by leaving things alone.'"

Mr. Harvey has exercised his unquestionable right and privilege, by public "criticism and advice" to try and turn governmental action from what he believes to be a wrong course into the right one. Indeed, his article is an illustrious example of that right and privilege. We disclaim any purpose or desire to endorse the justice, wisdom or propriety of either his criticism or advice. Believing that a wiser course of action than that pursued by the Government towards Mexico might and should have been taken, we are inclined to believe that such would have been the case had Mr. Lansing instead of Mr. Bryan been the President's secretary from the beginning. When a certain old acquaintance of us all was somehow induced to "jump into a bramberry bush," he extricated himself from that predicament with great difficulty and with eyesight temporarily and considerably impaired.

On the whole, Colonel Harvey's article is not pleasant to read. Gentler measures of correction are preferable, especially from a friend. Both the rebukes and the patience of personal or political friendship have their limitations, and if such are the faithful wounds of a friend, what would be those inflicted by an enemy?

WHAT TO DO?

(*From the Baltimore Sun*)

The initial blunder, according to Colonel Harvey, was the refusal of the Administration to recognize Huerta's Government, and he shows a whole brood of ills that were hatched out by that refusal. But is anyone prepared to say what would have happened if Huerta had been recognized? He went into office with his hands imbrued with the blood of his predecessor, or at least the Administration was convinced that it was so. Suppose Wilkes Booth had been supported by an army and after murdering the President had set himself up as President in Lincoln's place, would any civilized government have recognized him? It is true that Huerta did not murder Madero with his own hands, but in Washington his guilty participation in the crime was regarded as certain. The Colonel also condemns the officials of the Government for their arrest and imprisonment of Huerta in a com-

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mon jail when he was heading for Mexico. The capture and occupation of Vera Cruz are criticized and the cost estimated at millions, besides the lives that were lost. "Under Huerta," the article says, "American lives were safe and American properties secure, but from the moment when we substituted anarchy for government both lives and property became the prey of the bandits let loose." "It is known," he adds, "that hundreds of Americans have been murdered and that properties aggregating more than $1,000,000,000 have been confiscated or destroyed." While our people have been sending food into Mexico to feed the starving, the official figures show that food in great quantities has been exported to pay for rifles and cartridges bought in this country to be used, perhaps, against our own people, and in any event to be used to continue the work of slaughter at home."

The bitterest condemnation is upon the announcement in an interview by Secretary Daniels that our citizens in Mexico are there at their own risk and that neither their lives nor property would be under the protection of our Government. Colonel Harvey quotes this interview and contrasts it with the historic policy of our Government as expressed by Marshall, by Evarts, by Bayard, by President Wilson himself. "Nobody," says the Colonel, "has ventured and none would now venture to question the excellence of the President's intentions."

It is vastly easy to criticize, and far more difficult to propose something better. Colonel Harvey does propose a plan. It is for the United States to abandon its plain duty toward Mexico and turn the whole business of pacification over to the South American envoys, with the assurance that we might support any proper plan they might devise. The South American envoys are in mortal dread of making a precedent which might be used some time against their own countries. Therefore, to turn over the whole business to them would be a pretty sure way of having nothing done. That suggestion is in line with the activities of the circumlocution office, "How not to do it."

Intervention in Mexico is not with us any longer a matter of principle, but of expediency. We have as much right to intervene in Mexico as in Haiti or Cuba. The President may have made mistakes. It would be remarkable if, amid his perplexities, he has not. But the responsibility is on him. He has more accurate information of conditions than Colonel Harvey has. And in any event a war with Mexico would be a costly business in more ways than one. It is estimated that it would engage 500,000 soldiers and continue through years. We may have to come to it, or something like it, but we should exhaust every other means of settlement first. The practical question at present is not whether mistakes have been made in the past, but what we should do now, and that is what most of the critics refuse to tell us.

A PROBLEM OF OUR OWN MAKING

(*From the Chester Times*)

Colonel George Harvey has written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the best informed and most comprehensive review of our blundering Mexican policy that has appeared in print. It is so crushing an indictment of the conduct of our war with Mexico—for we have been, in fact, at war with our neighbor since we landed troops at Vera Cruz—that the Colonel should

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have declined the invitation to be satirical about it. The statement of facts, from the day, more than two years ago, when the President set out to get Huerta, is in itself the condemnation of the Administration's course; and Colonel Harvey has special license to call up the contradictory orders of the President, his repeated mistakes in judgment, the testimony to his refusal to understand, for Harvey stated two years ago precisely what the alternate shiftiness and stubbornness of the President would lead to.

"Mexico is starving and without a government." This is the fruit of Wilson idealism, which he sought to enforce by unprecedented means. Concede the deep sincerity of the President in an effort to give Mexico a just and popular government; the fruit of it is anarchy, where understanding would have brought order at least.

There is Harveyized irony in the suggested remedy for the anæmic policy of the Administration which has let Mexico become, not merely by our consent, but by our active intervention, worse than Belgium. The REVIEW proposes that Mr. Wilson confess his failure and his ineptitude to repair it:

"If our Government would now turn over the whole business of settlement to the more competent, more sympathetic, racially related and fully trusted envoys from South America, with assurance of our unqualified support of any plan which we must not of necessity disapprove, there is a fair probability that peace could be restored to our bleeding and starving neighbors whom we, however unwittingly, have so grievously wronged."

We shall not escape responsibility for the disaster we have caused so easily. There has been destruction of lives of Americans, Germans, English and Spaniards, and of property in value exceeding a billion dollars. The President may be ready to forgive the Mexicans their slaughter of American lives and destruction of American property. The English, Germans and Spaniards won't. They will demand reparation and they will look to us to see that they get it, the alternative being their own intervention in Mexico to compel payment.

That is the problem of our own making we must face and solve. As there is validity to the claims and as the Mexicans assuredly won't admit them, it may quite likely become necessary for us to do in Mexico what we have done in the Island of Haiti: Take command of the customs houses and manage the national finances. If Wilson has been all along determined that Mexico should have no government at all until it had one that suited him he should have taken the custom houses two years ago.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

(*From the Bloomington Pantagraph*)

Present conditions in Mexico seem to justify much of this criticism. President Wilson has been conspicuously successful in handling the European situation, but his policy or lack of policy in reference to Mexico can hardly be termed anything less than a tragic failure. The attitude of this country toward Mexico has tended to increase rather than to diminish the disorganization which has prevailed in that country for years, and present conditions give no promise of improvement. However good his intentions, President Wilson's Mexican policy has utterly failed to "serve Mexico" or to "serve mankind."

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AN ASTOUNDING REVIEW

(*From the New York Sun*)

The whole story of watchful waiting with regard to Mexico and the entire spectrum of the psychology of President Wilson as disclosed by the policy of watchful waiting are discussed in characteristic style by the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the number of that publication which appears to-day. We print a good summary of it. It is a review that must astound even the reviewer himself when he puts his pen aside and begins to reflect on the ultimate impact of responsibility.

"AMERICA FIRST!"

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

"America First!" This motto, in which President Wilson summed up our whole duty, for the present at least, is the text from which Editor Harvey preaches a stirring discourse, urging that action be suited to the word. It is not a mild discourse, to say the least. The preacher literally expounds the text, pounds the pulpit and makes the dust fly from its cushions, in the good, old, hammer-and-tongs fashion. It is Boanerges, a son of thunder, speaking, and forgetful, at times, that nothing is gained by extravagance of expression. It is to be hoped that President Wilson, upon whom the preacher evidently has his eyes fastened and his oratory aimed, will enjoy and profit by this discourse, especially that part of it in which, after quoting the President at some length, Mr. Harvey makes bold to say:

"'It sounds well,' once remarked Grover Cleveland, reflectively, of an address by a college professor, 'what do you suppose he means by it?'"

We are reminded of Emerson's remark to one in some fury of contention, "Why so hot, my little man?" and of the colored brother—also preacher—who announced his purpose in the sermon of the morning, "to explain the unexplainable and to unscrew the inscrutable things." Somehow we do not find Editor Harvey at his best in this rather unguarded and slashing paper, which, however, will make a good many of his readers fairly chortle with joy. Indeed, it must be difficult for Mr. Harvey to maintain a reasonable and becoming modesty in view of the flood of praise which pours in upon him through the mail. And it must be conceded that his REVIEW is remarkably bright, able, and readable.

(*From the London Globe*)

No more dignified and sincere presentation of the position of the United States in regard to Germany has yet appeared than Colonel Harvey's article in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, from which we publish extracts to-day. Hyphenated Americans and Germans *pur sang* need occasionally to be reminded that the citizens of the great Republic are not exclusively concerned with the points at issue between Germany and the Allies. They are also citizens of no mean State, and as such concerned with their own national honor and interest. "America first," declares Colonel Harvey, and he does well to remind his countrymen that the United States has never before been "treated so contemptuously." "Watchful waiting," he admits, may be largely responsible for "a misapprehension that may prove to be fateful." The United States, Colonel Harvey points out forcibly, can no longer humiliate its envoys by compelling them to represent abroad a Power

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which "defies and derides their own country," nor can it extend its hospitality to the Kaiser's Minister. It would be for Germany to determine whether such diplomatic action spelt war.

WATCHING AND PRAYING

(*From the Western Methodist*)

In the August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, under the caption, "America First," and the sub-caption, "Suit the Action to the Word," the editor, Col. George Harvey, who is nothing if he is not dramatic and flamboyant, reviews President Wilson's diplomatic correspondence with Germany, and, while approving, insists that our nation is now at the parting of the ways. "One path points to honor and self-respect, the other to obloquy and shame; one to maintenance of free democracy, the other to craven submission to arrogant monarchy; one to *America First* in reality as well as in words, the other to *America Last* in the consideration of their own Government." His suggestion would lead to severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, and then almost certainly to war. He deprecates the idea of reminding the President of his responsibilities, and yet puts pressure to bear upon the President to take the fateful step that would almost inevitably lead to war. He correctly charges this awful war to Autocracy, and yet would have our President, deliberately playing the part of an autocrat, plunge our country, willy-nilly, into the bloody maelstrom. Without any blustering about bravery, we confess that there are occasions when we feel like fighting, when it would be easier to fight than to refrain, but Christian wisdom must dictate our course. Ours is not yet a Christian nation, but it behooves us to seek Christ's principles and apply them so that we may become Christian.

LOOKING TO THE END

(*From the Washington News*)

In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Col. George Harvey, reviewing the first ten months of the war, reaffirmed the position he had taken last September, when he said that, though it were almost inconceivable that Germany would ultimately triumph, the end was still far distant and fraught with gloom and uncertainty for the Allies.

Colonel Harvey, with his usual keen foresight, has stated the case in a manner that meets with the general concurrence of the American public. Regardless of what the participating Powers may hope or believe, America, standing off and judging from an impartial perspective, cannot see the dawn of peace, nor any prospect of an early conclusion being reached.

The end of the first year of the war finds the advantage all with the Teutonic Allies. Neither in the east nor the west has the foot of an enemy been placed on German soil. France's fond hope of reclaiming the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are farther than ever from realization. Dreams of conquest by the Muscovite hordes in the east have been ruthlessly shattered by the onrush of the mighty German military machine.

In the background sits England realizing at last what a grave mistake she had made in placing sole dependence in her navy, but too demoralized socially to meet the crisis thrust upon her. Russia, crippled by lack of

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supplies and ammunition and with Warsaw about to be taken from her, is for the present of little practical service. France alone is making a stand against which the German offensive has failed to make an imprint. Italy has failed to make the impression expected of her.

At the end of the first year, the German machine has been developed into an even greater state of efficiency, with resources in food, munitions, and money that appear inexhaustible. With the fall of Warsaw she may be expected to turn her attention to another drive on Paris. When this move develops the question of the hour will be whether France can hold the invader at bay until England can render the assistance long lacking and Russia can recuperate in time to prevent concentration of German forces in the west. If England and Russia fail her France is threatened with national annihilation.

All things considered, if there is an early end to the war, it will be because Germany is victorious.

FINANCES OF THE WAR

(*From the Indianapolis News*)

George Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, takes the experience of the United States in the Civil War as a basis of calculation, and reasons that Great Britain, the richest of the nations at war, could keep up the present rate of expenditure for six years without losing a greater proportion of its resources than was spent by the United States in putting down the rebellion. He recalls that the population of the North was 21,000,000; that the total estimated wealth was more than $10,000,000,000, and that the North spent $1,000,000,000 a year for four years. This was about $50 a year per capita. The population of Great Britain now is about 45,000,000, and an expenditure of $5,000,000,000 a year is $111 per capita. However, Mr. Harvey points out that the wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated at $80,000,000,000, so that the war is costing only 6.25 per cent. of the nation's wealth instead of the 10 per cent. which our war cost us.

Great Britain's wealth approximates that of Germany and Austria-Hungary, while the total wealth of France, despite her smaller population, is greater than that of Germany. However, though Great Britain is by far the richest of the Powers at war, the impression given by Mr. Harvey's calculations is that a continuance of the present expenditures by all the nations could go on for a considerable period without necessarily bringing about bankruptcy. The power of the United States to bear its great war debt was due largely to a rapid growth in wealth and population which would be impossible in Europe, yet Mr. Harvey sees this offset by a practise of thrift in some of the countries of which Americans have no conception, while others have developed an industrial and commercial potency far exceeding ours. There is a certain amount of reassurance as to the future in this view of things, yet it is depressing to feel that the huge wastefulness of the war cannot be counted on to bring it to an early end.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

(*From the Bolton* [ENGLAND] *News*)

A very strong demand is made in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that, if the German Government continues its insolent refusal to recognize Presi-

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dent Wilson's Notes, the services of the American Embassies in London and Paris, given so extensively to the German Government, should be withdrawn. He points out that the United States are placed in an ignominious position in employing Embassy staffs to work day and night for a Power which holds their country, as Germany appears to do, in disdainful contempt. Colonel Harvey opens the pages of his REVIEW impartially to all sides. Last month he gave an article by the notorious Houston Stewart Chamberlain, asserting that Germany was forced into this war by the malevolence of Sir Edward Grey. But the Colonel retains his own opinions all the same, and does not hesitate to assert them.

THE LEADING QUESTION

(*From the Norwich* [ENGLAND] *Press*)

George Harvey, the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, declares in the current number of that publication that at least diplomatic relations with Germany should be broken off. "We can no longer," he says, "humiliate our envoys by compelling them to represent in other capitals a Power which defies and derides their own country. We can no longer retain in Berlin an Ambassador personating a national sovereignty which is contemned by the Imperial Government to which he is accredited. We can no longer extend our hospitality to the obnoxious Minister of a disdainful Prince. We can no longer recognize in any way a Power which by its own deliberate, flagrant, and sinful practises has constituted itself an outlaw among nations." That was the opinion of a sober-minded American before the *Arabic* was sunk. It is shared by many of his countrymen. What will President Wilson do?

CITIZEN OR SUBJECT

(*From the Topeka Capital*)

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW former Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, now eighty-two years of age, discusses the issues of the conflict in Europe and reaches the same conclusions as most Americans. Fundamentally the issue is between irreconcilable forces and ideas in the world. Mr. MacVeagh entitles his paper, "The Impassable Chasm." It is between the doctrine of force and the doctrine of liberty, between a State that is ruled by its citizens and a State whose citizens are cogs in the wheel of the State machine.

A German for many years a citizen of England was quoted recently to the effect that he would never go back to live permanently in a country where he could not jump off a moving omnibus.

It is machine-like rule against freedom and one or the other must triumph. Wayne MacVeagh is entitled to speak for the American viewpoint, for he has been a defender of liberty always. His fight a few years ago on the Philadelphia political gang was one of the memorable incidents in the anti-machine contest over the country. He was of the company that attended Lincoln on the way to Gettysburg, and he delivered on Gettysburg battlefield on the same day with the immortal address, as reported by Lincoln's secretary and biographer, "a beautiful and touching" speech.

Mr. MacVeagh in the course of his paper in THE NORTH AMERICAN

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REVIEW points out the conflict that German-Americans find themselves caught in. He remarks:

"No more long-suffering executive, no more indulgent and peace-loving President, ever filled the great office. In pursuit of peace and of good relations with Germany he has, quite unwittingly, no doubt, subjected our country to such indignities as no free and high-spirited people ought to have endured.

"The simple truth, which he has been so unwilling to recognize, is that there exists an impassable chasm between a citizen of the United States and a subject of the German Emperor; and there is no possible political alchemy whereby the political standards of the one can be transmuted into the political standards of the other.

"No matter where a man is born or how he is reared, when he comes to manhood he instinctively prefers to be a citizen or a subject. Our fathers preferred, and we ourselves and our children prefer, to be free citizens, but we do not deny to anybody else the privilege of preferring to be the obedient subject of a Kaiser and a military caste.

"We only ask them, in all fairness to themselves and to us, to make their choice—to be loyal either to the fundamental principles of our Government or those of the Government of the Kaiser, and to believe that they cannot be half loyal to the one and half loyal to the other. They must be wholly American or wholly German. If they propose to continue to live here, then they must be loyal to the American system; and there is no possibility for them of mistaking what that system is.

"Thomas Jefferson declared it to the whole world when he said the just rights of all governments depend upon the consent of the governed; and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, in a few simple words, stamped it forever upon the history of mankind, in his immortal aspiration that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should never perish from the earth.

"Whoever accepts without reservation those two principles of a government is a loyal American. Whoever pretends to accept them and is at heart disloyal to them is unworthy of American citizenship and ought to be deprived of it, for there lies an impassable chasm which those honestly on one side can never pass over to the other."

That is the war in Europe. Shall the people rule, or autocrats, a military class? Is humanity to be brutalized or free?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PRAISE AND BLAME

SIR,—I have read with interest in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of the present month your article entitled "The Tragedy of Mexico," for which I offer you my congratulations. Really, the attitude of this Administration with regard to Mexico is incomprehensible. The only object which the policy of "watchful waiting" could have had was to wait until one of the parties overpowered the other in order to give the victor the moral support which this Government is so anxious to offer to either of the factions, and not the present policy of placing obstacles to the victorious party out of pure dislike. It could be assured that without the action that has been taken by the State Department, Villa would have been annihilated by this time, or perhaps he might have surrendered.

I have also taken note of the article written by Mr. John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, entitled "Practical Pan-Americanism," and to say the least, I am not in accord with it. In reviewing the victories of Pan-Americanism, Mr. Barrett makes reference to the Conferences held in Niagara Falls during the past year. I fail to see where Mr. Barrett has found the victory, for such would have been the case had the Conference induced the American Government to remove its troops from Vera Cruz. This was the aim of the Conference; it was for this purpose that the good offices of the representatives of the A. B. C. were tendered, to solve the international conflict between the United States and Mexico on account of the landing of American troops in Vera Cruz. The only arrangement under these circumstances would have been to convince this Government of the necessity of respecting the sovereignty of Mexico. While the American marines were in Vera Cruz, a friendly nation was being trampled upon and the relations of two Pan-American countries were severed.

Mr. Barrett also mentions as an example of Pan-Americanism the conferences which have taken place between Secretary Lansing and the representatives of the six most important Latin-American countries. These conferences, as has been clearly seen, have for a purpose to unite the warring factions of Mexico: that is, to meddle in the internal affairs of Mexico.

It is to be regretted that the President of the Pan-American Union should understand Pan-Americanism in the way he does. Frankly speaking, I thought that the purpose of Pan-Americanism was, among other things, to respect the sovereignty of American nations, but I see that Mr. Barrett understands it as the power of two or three American nations to unite and dictate their views to any one of the others.

Yours very sincerely,

O. E. DUPLAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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INTERNATIONAL LAW AND REBELLION

SIR,—Was the Southern Confederacy entitled to the protection of international law during our Civil War? Did the United States Government violate Southern rights guaranteed by international law, by the blockade of the Southern ports? Were the relations between the North and the South international relations or were they the relations between a government and its rebellious subjects?

We know what England's attitude was during the Civil War. In her reply to our protest on behalf of "freedom of the seas" she reiterates that attitude, *viz.*, that the Southern Confederacy was an independent nation, rightly struggling against foreign, *i.e.*, Northern invasion, and therefore entitled to the international status of a free nation, and to the protection of international law. This, apparently, is the attitude of Mr. Maurice Low in his article on "The Freedom of the Seas" in your September number. Is it the correct, the American, attitude? or must we tacitly accept the insult it implies and scarcely veils, lest we hurt the feelings of the "mother country," or lest the present Administration should alienate Southern votes? Must we all acquiesce in the "hyphenation" of "Anglo-Saxonism," dare we not call ourselves merely American?

INQUISITIVE.

JAMESTOWN, MD.

"SERGEANT WHAT'S HIS NAME"

SIR,—If you will pardon a personal letter, not sent through the channels, from so humble a person as a sergeant in Troop D, 1st Cavalry, I wish to express my appreciation of the article by Major-General John F. O'Ryan in the recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. If we had more like it, the public would have a much better idea of national defense, and a clearer understanding of the National Guard; what it is, and what it is trying to do. I thoroughly enjoyed reading the article and was pleased to find our commanding officer among the contributors.

ROY A. CHENEY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WHAT PREPAREDNESS REALLY MEANS

SIR,—Since the beginning of the present conflict in Europe, there has been a growing agitation for "preparedness" in the United States. That such preparation is essential to the welfare and security of the country no one can doubt—except that the country at large seems to have interpreted preparedness as military organization. Every community is agog with various schemes for training the citizenry, for promoting new inventions of destruction, for enlarging the army and navy, etc., etc. All of which would be very valuable, were they not so hopelessly insufficient.

It seems particularly inconsistent that we should fashion our methods of preparedness after the one country which will surely suffer the most terrible defeat known in the annals of the world. Germany, by means of her remarkable organization and efficiency, has assumed a temporary advantage, but no one familiar with the financial and industrial conditions abroad can

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question the final outcome. Remember that their victories have been achieved by a ruthless slaughter of "subjects," and as a result of a social system little less than autocracy. On the other hand, France not only has a remarkably efficient military organization, but she has, by careful diplomacy, established political friendships of far greater importance than any military organization could be.

The processes that have resulted in the *Krieg Kultur* of Germany have alienated every country in the world, excepting her weak sister, Austria-Hungary. The policies which have resulted in the esprit and vigor of the French army have established bonds of amity with the most popular nations of the world. Within the country, these policies enforce compulsory employment of Frenchmen in the managerial and executive offices and a very great percentage of the skilled labor of all the industries. They have encouraged financial policies that make her the second richest nation in the war, even despite many natural disadvantages. Abroad, she is represented by a well-trained diplomatic corps, one in which political partisanship does not establish priority to office. And so on without end.

Now, if our country is to prepare, let us face the situation calmly and prepare properly. The strongest armor is of no avail on an anæmic arm. Preparation presupposes patriotism. And patriotism means love of country. It is not nearly so necessary that we should all be trained soldiers as it is that we should become trained citizens. It is not as necessary that the wealthy classes should sacrifice their fortunes in aiding their country (if they have any intention of so doing) as it is that our economic and industrial conditions achieve a sane and healthy basis.

Preparedness means American control of American industries, not by chance, but by law. It means regulation of the money markets. It means a reorganized diplomatic service that will understand and interpret the alien's viewpoint—one in which capable men will gladly serve. It means a regulation of immigration, so that, in the event of war, our citizenry could not be dominated and menaced by foreign sympathizers. It means such things as public bath houses, schools, gymnasiums, recreation centers and playgrounds. And if, when we have corrected our internal maladies, we turn to the military, it will mean compulsory service for every young American, under federal direction. Then, and not till then, can we face the world and make them see that "strict accountability" and "watchful waiting" are the expressions of a nation prepared internally as well as externally for any crisis that may arise.

This idea of internal preparation has not, to the best of my knowledge, been given consideration by any periodical, and much less by our federal and municipal governments, and, as it seems of the utmost importance to me, I am taking this privilege of addressing it to you.

GRANT M. SIMON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LAW OR LAWLESSNESS?

SIR,—The one thing that should not be lost to sight in respect of this war is that fundamentally it is simply a question of law or lawlessness. If an individual in a community gets an idea that he can be a law unto himself, break his agreements with his neighbors whenever a self-determined "necessity" makes it expedient, and enlarge the sphere of his influence with

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a shot-gun, we realize at once that there is no lasting peace or safety to the community until he is down and law is again on top.

This is just the situation in the community of nations to-day. Germany snaps her fingers at treaties and international law, and goes out with her guns to enlarge the sphere of her contemptible *Kultur*—contemptible, because any culture is contemptible which divorces itself from respect for the sacredness of law and from international comity, and weds itself to reckless military ambition. One hears sometimes the absurd suggestion that the new ideas for which Germany is contending in the conduct of this war will hereafter become a part of international law. These ideas are the mere negation of law, the bald assertion that any nation which thinks it has the power to back up such a course can spit upon any international regulation whatever. Any nation which has anything to gain from the maintenance of peaceful relations with any other nation, any nation which has anything to lose from a threatened state of international anarchy, is tremendously interested in seeing Germany defeated unless she voluntarily retires from so indefensible a position. The minimum of such a voluntary retirement would of course require three things—a withdrawal of all her troops to her own soil; the material restoration of Belgium, so far as money can do it, and the payment of a heavy penalty to all nations outraged by the lawless sinking of the *Lusitania*. As the Imperial German Government is morally incapable of doing any one of these things voluntarily, the one thing left to hope for is that she shall do them under compulsion. And if there is one thing above another that a passionate devotee of peace ought to pray for, it is that this war shall not end until she is compelled to do so. Any cessation of this war with these ends not secured will only sow the seed of another great war in the not distant years to come.

W. H. JOHNSON.

DENISON UNIVERSITY, GRANVILLE, OHIO.

AN ENGLISH-GERMAN ANSWERED

SIR,—The statement of Mr. Albert S. Horn in the August REVIEW that Americans are becoming pro-German does not apply to this community or to California, as I know from a wide acquaintance throughout the State. During the past six months the sentiment in favor of the Allies has become more pronounced here, and is now essentially unanimous in their favor. During the past three months I have seen and talked with many tourists from the East and Middle West. Only one among the large number has expressed pro-German sentiments. I know nothing of the change in newspaper sentiment. The New York *World's* exposures explain some things.

The spirit of the unspeakable Turk has revived of late. The practice of chasing Armenians into their villages and wasting ammunition shooting them was becoming old-fashioned and monotonous. Since they have seen German Kultur in action in Belgium the Turks have felt a new inspiration, recalling the glorious days of Tamarlane. Now, these friends of Germany herd Armenians in barns and churches by the thousand and burn them regardless of age or sex.

Mr. Horn seems to have migrated to the wrong country when he left England. He should have gone to Germany and joined the army. He could have helped to desolate Belgium, slaughter toiling peasants and shoot hostages for offences of people they had never seen.

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Later he might have witnessed the decoration by the Kaiser of the man who murdered women and children on the high seas; indeed, had Mr. Horn joined the German navy he might have helped sink the *Lusitania*, and possibly himself been the recipient of a decoration.

J. H. McBride.

Pasadena, Cal.

A JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S OPINION

Judge Advocate General's Department,
National Guard of the State of Maine.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to renew my subscription to your magazine at this time. The last two issues have been very interesting to me because of your article in the August number entitled "America First!" and also your treatment of the Mexican situation in the September number. It needs just such articles as yours to awaken the people of this country to the condition of affairs which confronts us at present.

L. W. Blanchard.

Rumford, Me.

FROM A TRUE AMERICAN

Sir,—Your editorial, "America First," in the Review for August, voices my sentiments exactly, and I wish that every patriotic American citizen could be brought to see the matter just as you have so eloquently and forcibly presented it.

"War is hell," but international contempt is worse, a thousand times worse!

Let us work for peace persistently, energetically, with enthusiasm if we will, but only so long as in that direction lies honor, and beyond that let us spurn it unhesitatingly and determinedly. Above the honor and dignity of our beloved country let us place nothing save the God who supported our fathers in wresting it from British tyranny. (This slight twist of the British lion's tail may be charged up to the Teuton in me.)

I am very grateful to you for your eloquent and well-reasoned editorial, as, I am sure, are thousands of other American citizens who love their country.

W. F. Rasche.

Blacksburg, Va.

"AMERICA FIRST!"

Sir,—Although I have neither the pleasure nor the honor of knowing you personally, I am going to take the friendly liberty of loving you, for I love a man that has the courage to tell the truth and to tell it from the shoulder in "straight-flung" words.

I have just had the gratification of reading several times and mentally digesting with a sense of *bien etre*, your splendid, apt, and sorely-needed editorial, "America First!" and I want to thank you with all my heart for your clarion call to our country and the world, and to congratulate you most cordially upon your well-merited indictment of the foes in our own household.

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Rather oddly, I was writing the rhymed skit, "Under Two Flags," which I enclose, when I began your article. You gave me my climax and finale, for which I owe you more gratitude.

EDMOND DEFREYNE.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

"UNDER TWO FLAGS"

"No man can serve two masters"

Which flag is the flag of your country?
To which is your loyalty due?
No man can be true to two banners:
Come! Yellow? Or red, white, and blue?

Which Eagle? The one you adopted?
Or one that is spread on black cross?
Which motto? *"E Pluribus Unum?"*
Or *"Gott mit uns?"* Which wins the toss?

No honest blood runs through a siphon;
Allegiance is bound by one oath;
Two faiths can't be linked by a hyphen:
You're Yankee or Teuton—not both!

American are you, or German?
Free man, or autocracy's dupe?
Where stand you? By these States united,
Or "Fatherland," Kaiser, and Krupp?

Quit talking and writing rank treason
While under Old Glory you stand,
Or break with us, fairly and squarely,
And GO!—with your heart in your hand.

But, look you! you're with or against us,
You gather or scatter abroad.
Make choice, like brave man, of your duty,
Then gird on a patriot's sword.

We honor a gallant opponent,
Respect a conviction sincere;
But damned be the man with two faces!
Let him get to hell out of here!

You're friend or you're foe of the Union,
Leal, loyal, or traitor accurst:
Ally of the House Hohenzollern—
Or true to "AMERICA FIRST!"

EDMOND DEFREYNE,
Unhyphenated American.

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THE INARTICULATE THOUSANDS

SIR,—I want to thank you for the splendid article, "America First." As a resident of Wisconsin, with its polyglot population, I wish to assure you that the sentiment is crystallizing every day that America is first, and that the German who is for Germany as against America is a traitor. As long as the issue was between Germany and the Allies, the pro-Germanist was tolerated; but his position is every day becoming more embarrassing; and, should war break out between this country and Germany, the pro-Germanist would take to the woods, just as the copperhead did during the Civil War.

I feel as if this letter were due you from the fact that the pro-Germanist has been vocal from the beginning, while those who agreed with your policy were content to read your REVIEW without expressing themselves. This letter contains no arguments; but it goes forth simply to assure you that you are supported by thousands of Americans who do not take the trouble to express themselves to that effect.

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

"HEALTHFUL AND FEARLESS"

SIR,—I regret that every individual throughout the whole United States old enough to see and understand can not read your "America First," as published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. It will appeal to the pride and patriotism of every true and loyal citizen of the country. It breathes a healthful and fearless spirit which will deeply sink into the heart and core of real Americanism, and will not fail in the noble purpose for which it was intended.

"America First," with its sound and solid convictions, so plainly and forcefully expressed, will be understood by the common people everywhere, and omits nothing further necessary to seal and cement into a mighty whole the loyalty and patriotism of a nation's people.

WILLIAM FULLER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

PRO-AMERICAN

SIR,—I have just laid aside THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. Some of your valued correspondents hold that your magazine, as well as your country, are pro-English. Some astoundingly well-informed among your readers hold that your magazine and your country are pro-German. After reading "America First" by the esteemed Mr. Harvey, and editorials from thirty-one other periodicals to which I subscribe, I am thoroughly convinced that both THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the people of the United States are pro-American.

FRANK J. KELLEY, JR.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

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THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER IX

THERE is a hint in the record of Luke that Jesus was not at all certain that he would not be apprehended before he was out of the city, and that his motive in returning to the suburbs was to give to his companions a freedom of action which in the unfamiliar, crowded streets would not have been possible. It goes to show, too, that there was nothing miraculous in his foreknowledge, and that he drew it largely from his acute perception of character rather than from any mysterious faculty of prevision. Except as he gathered it from the cupidity of Judas and the volatile temperament of Peter, he really did not know just what was about to come upon them. For as much as he understood he prepared them. Every man was to take his own purse and his staff, remembering the time he had first sent them forth without purse or scrip or shoes, and yet lacking nothing. Anticipating the possibility of their having to cut their way out of the city, he advised that any man having two coats should sell one and buy a sword. Presently Peter showed him two, and one of them, certainly, Peter carried.

The city hummed with the sounds of festivity—lamps lit in the upper chambers, family reunions, hurrying groups of belated pilgrims, as between two swords the little company passed out almost under the temple, whose great gates would be flung open at midnight, by the north gate into the valley of Jehoshaphat and across Kidron. At this season the little creek would have been at flood, frothing in its stony channel. There was a full, watery moon, and the smell of sap from the orchards. Up a little way from Kidron toward Olivet was a walled garden called Gethsemane, the place of the oil press, to which he had the owner's leave to repair for rest and privacy. Here the noise of the city fell off, and there was no sound louder than the bubble of the brook and the soft chafing of boughs. Taking James and Peter and John with him, leaving the others at the gate, Jesus advanced further into the garden, and, when he had charged the three to pray lest they fall into temptation, he went about a stone's throw from them, and, kneeling, addressed himself to the Father.

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No doubt the three obeyed the injunction; but the prayers of simple men are soon done. They prayed for their own souls and the speedy coming of the Kingdom; then, between waking and dozing, they heard Jesus say, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me . . . " but, understanding nothing of what troubled him, they fell presently into the deep sleep of working men.

To realize anything of the travail of soul, the first which possessed Jesus since the Wilderness, we have to realize how absolutely voluntary was his surrender to the occasion which was even now seeking him through the streets of Jerusalem. There was no indictment against him and no offense except as he created it by his attack on the temple traffic. He was now outside the city gates with the eleven faithful, each with his own scrip at his side and his staff in his hand, and with at least two swords. Twenty minutes away in Bethany there were friendly folk, and all about them the hill country of Judea, as safe to the hill men of Galilee as his mountain is safe to the wild goat. And once back in their own country the Sanhedrin would have had no power over them, and, so long as they kept to that district, no use for them. There Jesus might have lived, teaching and healing a few, and, provided he committed no overt act against the political organization or the business interests of his time, esteemed a holy man and dying at last in the odor of sanctity. Nothing that we know of Jesus, however, permits us to think that he ever contemplated such an alternative. Once for all he had committed himself to the venture of a rational faith. He had prayed that death might be turned aside, but in himself there was no shadow of turning. What distinguished him from all other Treaders of the Way was the close correspondence between his will and his perception, so that he is seen to move forward in his appointed path with none of the fumblings and hesitancies of lesser men. He had none of the feeling of moral helplessness which characterizes reformers of our time. It is too much even to say that he chose, except as the soul is thought of as saving itself alive by continuing in an active state of choosing, inbreathing, outbreathing. He suffered as a man the consequences of his instinctive selection; but there is no evidence that he suffered indecision. Here in the garden his quick mind outran the occasion and assailed him with the bitterness of betrayal, humiliation, and seeming defeat; the sensitive frame worked out the suggestion of physical anguish. So, between waking and sleeping, the three heard him say, "Nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt," and observed that great drops of sweat stood upon him. All unconsciously they laid upon him the peculiar burden of the great, to know themselves, even by those on whose account they accept greatness, wholly uncomprehended. For when, from what high and unknowable source, help had at last flowed back to him, he found the three still sleeping.

"Sleep on," he said, "and take your rest . . . the hour is

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come," and a little later, hearing a noise at the gate, "Rise up, let us go. He that betrayeth me is at hand." While he was yet speaking, came Judas with a detachment of the temple police to arrest him. They found him as by report the world had come to know him, contained, courteous, ironical. Said he: "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with sword and with staves to take me?" and again, as they bound him, "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not." After that, silence.

Too much is always made of the defection of the twelve, and not enough of the fact that Jesus pointedly turned his back on them. In the flurry of the arrest one had cried out, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" and Peter, without waiting for the injunction, drew his own sword and sliced the ear of the high priest's servant. Not only did Jesus refuse their aid in this crisis, but it is not of record that he referred to them again, sent for them, left any message. To them the Word had been committed; the last thing he could have wished would be to implicate them in his disaster. The last thing they would have thought of would be to act in opposition to his suggestion. They were children of the earth, whose instinct in danger is to be still and to keep on being still. Not knowing what was best to be done, they did nothing. Several had with them their families, whose safety was their first concern. Only Peter followed the guard afar off, and from him and from the common report, all our account of that night's doings are derived.

The key to the situation is to be found in the fact that Jesus was first taken not to the high priest who had ordered his arrest, but to the house of that arch-grafter, Annas. The difficulty was that the chief reason why Jesus must be put out of the way—his interference with the temple traffic—nobody dared mention. Evidently not all the Sanhedrin shared or approved of the buying and selling within the sanctuary. Here we have a thoroughly modern situation: a representative body, in the main, well-intentioned, manipulated by a group within the group whose spring of action was illegitimate profit. Some indictment of Jesus must be found which would not only appeal to the majority of the Sanhedrin, but would look well before the Roman Governor. For the Sanhedrin had for some time been deprived of the death sentence; the most they could do would be to represent Jesus as guilty of death by the Jewish law, and to persuade Pilate to fix that penalty. And none so competent to have that business in hand as the Sadducean Annas. Eminently safe as a churchman, not troubled by particular scruples, wealthy, astute, he was easily the man to get the better of the comparatively honest and tactless Procurator.

What passed between Jesus and the ex-high priest is not known, except that Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas; there, before the hastily summoned Sanhedrin, an attempt was made, by means of false witnesses, to implicate Jesus in a charge of sedition. Somebody was

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found who had heard Jesus say something that could be tortured into a threat to overthrow the temple in three days and build it again. This was plainly anarchical; but even here there was no agreement between the witnesses. When all else failed, Caiaphas made his final cast; no doubt he had been instructed thereto by Annas; possibly he delayed, fearing to invite in the innermost circle of Israel so stirring a declaration. Made before the common people, it would have been answered with a cry; but here, in the heart of the priestly aristocracy, it struck offensively across every tradition of caste and religion. Said Caiaphas: "Art thou the Christ, the son of the Blessed?"

And Jesus answered, "I am."

Whereupon the high priest rent his garment, as was proper to a high priest on hearing a blasphemy.

"What need ye any further witnesses?" he cried. "What think ye?" And the elders of Israel judged him guilty of death.

The while this was in progress Peter had come into the open court of the high priest's palace and gleaned what he could among the loafing guard. About cock-crow a maid servant, hanging about for a bit of chaff with the soldiers, looked down from the gallery and saw him warming himself at the charcoal braizer.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," she cried to him accusingly; but he denied it, and in the very denial gave evidence against himself; for one, to whom the broad Galilean dialect was known, insisted, "Thy speech betrayeth thee." And Peter, thinking of nothing, perhaps, but how he could keep on hanging about until he learned what was taking place behind the high palace windows, began to curse and swear, saying, "I know not the man." Hardly had he finished speaking when, far down the Tryopeon, a cock crew shrilly. Then Peter remembered how, the evening before, Jesus had said to him in the very moment of protesting loyalty, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me"; and he went away, weeping bitterly.

It was as well for Peter that he missed what was going on within the high priest's apartments at that moment: the spectacle of the chief priests of Israel, drawing aside their garments from contamination as they passed, and spitting in the face of a young Jewish workingman who stood bound in the palace of Caiaphas. In the interval between this and the time when it would be possible to go to the Prætorium with the prisoner, the guard relieved the chill morning watch with a crude game played on the prophet of Nazareth. When they had blindfolded him, they slapped at him, saying "Prophesy! Who is it that smote thee?"

In order that Pilate should rise out of bed at seven in the morning to hear who blasphemed the God of the Jews and who regarded Him, some pressure must be brought to bear, for which Annas could be trusted. It was important to secure both judgment and execution

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before the news of the arrest of Jesus had spread in the city, but this was not the first time the Sanhedrists had had their way in spite of the Procurator, and if all else failed there was the well known capacity of Annas to make generous loans to his friends in the Prætorium. Morning found Pilate on the judgment seat, but it also found him reluctant. It is even said, with color of probability, that his reluctance extended to the point of sending Jesus to Herod as being a Galilean and therefore out of the Procurator's jurisdiction. But Herod, more than ever needing the public countenance, and shy of prophets since his experience with John the Baptist, after he had satisfied a coarse curiosity about the Galilean, sent him back again.

The charge brought against Jesus was that he had claimed to be King of the Jews. There was a measure of guile in this, for on nothing was Rome so severe as on political offenders, but it is also probable that it was the only way in which they could convey to the Roman mind what was implied in Jesus' announcement that he was the Messiah. The Christ had always been thought of as a king, and of the Davidic line. One can imagine, too, a certain Jewish reluctance to have the mysteries of their religion pawed over by this Roman hireling.

The claim, if it had been made, was certainly seditious, and Pilate had the man scourged for it, and again he would have let him go. There was a custom of releasing a prisoner at this season, concerning which and its bearing on the manner of the death of Jesus, there are many nice problems for scholars, reaching deep into ancient Hebrew practise. It is enough here to state that when the Procurator suggested that he so release Jesus, the rabble who heard him clamored instead for one Barabbas, a direct actionist of his time; one who in a recent insurrection in the city had done killing.

All this took place in the court of the Governor's palace, Pilate speaking from the gallery, for the Jews would not go into the house of a heathen, lest they defile themselves for the Passover. There were present the chief priest, his accusers, and certain of their following, together with such of the idle and curious who could be picked up in the streets so early in the morning, knowing little of the affair but taking their cue from the majority; but among them all, probably, no friend of Jesus. That is why it is impossible to say which of the things written, if any, really happened: whether the governor's wife had a dream, whether Pilate washed his hands—a Hebrew custom and not likely to be adopted by a Roman—whether that question, "What is truth?" was ever asked and went unanswered, and the crowd cried, "We have no king but Cæsar!" Out of all these obscurities but one thing sounds unmistakably: the raucous shout of the mob led by the Sanhedrists, crying, "Crucify him, crucify him!" "Why, what evil hath he done?" asks the Governor, and again, "crucify him!" And Pilate, weary at last of the whole affair, delivered him to be crucified.

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Outside the north wall of the city, going out by the Damascus gate, and in plain sight from the longest road that goes over the Bridge, is the place of public execution called Golgotha. Here, about nine of the morning, before the feast of the Passover, Jesus was led to be crucified, and with him they crucified two thieves, for it was the custom to reserve one or two executions for festival times as an example. What had happened in the interim belonged to the time and the manner of his transgression; allowing for the formality of the inquiry and for the sending to Herod, the time of his torment must have been mercifully short. It was important to have Jesus out of the way before the terrified and astounded followers could rally to his defense. He went out as other malefactors, bearing his cross, attended by four soldiers and a few of the idle and curious. In front of him was carried a board on which was written his offense: *This is the King of the Jews.* There was a sting in this for the Sanhedrists, over which Pilate chuckled. "Write not," they protested, "The King of the Jews," but that he said, "I am King of the Jews." Said the Roman, "What I have written I have written." He was not in a yielding humor.

Another group in the little company that followed Jesus out of the Damascus gate is deserving of mention,—a company of the good women of Jerusalem who made it a work of mercy to succor the transgressor. For the code of Moses was at all points merciful; neither crucifixion nor any other lingering death was allowed under it. In pursuance of their custom, these came now offering Jesus the solace of their weeping. On the cross they offered him wine to drink mixed with hyssop for the deadening of his pains, and though he would not take it, it was the sole relieving incident.

As the day wore on, three or four of the women of Galilee who had come up to Jerusalem in his company, came stealing by the hill path from Olivet, and standing some distance off observed what was done to him. The soldiers sat on the ground and diced for his garments. The crowd grew and thinned and grew again, for was he not accounted a prophet from whom even in extremity wonders might be expected? Smoke of sacrifice streamed like a banner over Mount Moriah; clearly they heard the chant of the Levites and the windy trumpets. All up the hills of Judea showed the pale silvered green of olives and the almond orchards turning rosy. Now and then out of the crowd someone reviled him, saying, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Toward the middle of the afternoon one of his poor tortured companions cried out of agony, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the other, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said Jesus. So it is reported, but neither they that had heard nor they that wrote it were of the Prophet's following.

About the ninth hour, at the time when the paschal lamb should be slain as an expiation for all Israel, the strained frame yielded a

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moment to unendurable anguish. He cried out with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and almost immediately after, those nearest heard him say, "I thirst." But when one more compassionate would have offered him on a sponge the sour wine of the soldiers, there were others who, mistaking the Aramaic words, "Eloi, Eloi," for the name of the Prophet, said, "Let us see whether Elias will come to save him," for they were disappointed that there was yet no miracle. And while they waited, with a great cry he bowed his head and died.

Ordinarily, the crucified are three or four days dying, but the approach of the Passover made it a defilement according to the Jewish law for them to be left hanging there in extremity. About the time the shadow of the temple stretched eastward to Olivet, therefore, the Sanhedrists directed that death should be hastened by the breaking of the victims' legs as was customary. So it was done to the thieves, but when they came to Jesus it was not necessary, for they discovered that the spirit had already left him.

CHAPTER X

Some six or eight weeks after these events, at the time when the feast of the first fruits of the harvest was kept at Jerusalem, the inhabitants of that city were astonished to find Simon Peter preaching Jesus boldly as the Christ, and him risen from the dead. There stood up with him on that occasion about a hundred and twenty true believers, among whom were the eleven (for Judas, when he understood what he had done, went out and hanged himself), together with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and James, his brother, and many who had been added to their company by reason of the rising from the dead, which Peter declared to the men of all nations, Medes and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia and Egypt, in the parts of Lybia, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes. This was the Peter who had denied Jesus with oaths in the house of the high priest, who now preached somewhat in this fashion: how that Jesus had been approved of God by many signs and wonders, had been crucified, dead and buried, the third day he arose from the dead and had appeared to Mary Magdalene, to the eleven, and to a considerable company of the disciples. Unlettered as Peter was, such was the faith and fervor of his preaching that on that same day about three thousand converts were added to the number of believers.

Something had certainly happened to these reticent and easily shaken peasant souls to raise them to the plane of spiritual conviction from which neither revilings nor martyrdom could dislodge them; *something* which had not only rallied them from the shock of his shameful death, but had clarified and fused the teachings of Jesus as the whole of his living ministry had not done. It had reached out beyond the circle of his personal following and had convinced of

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his absolute Messiaship many who had so far accepted Jesus only as a teacher. This is the first unequivocal mention that we have of the members of Jesus' own family among his followers; all that could be gathered at Jerusalem, filled with the holy spirit and praising God daily.

Unfortunately, no first-hand account of the events which had worked this astounding revolution has come down to us; but something can be made out under the legendizing tendency of the time at which it was finally committed to writing. Separated from the suggestion of the supernatural, with which everything that Jesus did began very quickly to be colored, incidents of the resurrection show an arresting consistancy with the occasion and its background.

It had been about three of the afternoon when Jesus bowed his head upon the cross with a great cry, and a little before sunset when, in compliance with the Jewish regulation, the body had been taken down. It had been given, at his own request, into the hands of one Joseph of Arimathea, probably a member of the larger Sanhedrin, one of those who had not consented to the death of Jesus, and in any case, a man sufficiently in authority to win such a concession from Pilate. It was now too close to the eve of the Passover to admit of any proper rite of burial, so that the body was merely wrapped in a clean linen cloth saturated with spices, after the Hebrew custom, and laid in a new rock tomb not far from Golgotha. The women of Galilee who had watched the crucifixion from afar off followed and marked where it was laid. It lay wrapped in a cloth pungent with aromatic and preservative drugs, with no confining coffin, and about it played the cool airs of the garden. One must consider also the condition of the body, how that it was not broken, and that it had at most the marks of scourging, the nailholes in the hands and feet, and possibly a spear prick in the side. This is to allow the utmost to tradition. Of such wounds none is necessarily fatal, and the spear wound does not appear in any but the second century Gospel, where it is related with a curious commentary that blood flowed from it; but blood does not flow from dead bodies. It was not invariable in crucifixion that the feet were impaled—sometimes only the hands. It is to be remembered also that the body which lay there in the rocky tomb was that of a well man of great hardihood, a man who, at the first turn of the tide of consciousness, could have reached out and laid hold on the eternal source of healing. Whether or not we are to believe that the tide did so turn and bore him flooding back to life, there is much in the gospel narrative to give color to such a supposition.

It does not come clear to us as does the story that was afterward told of his birth—pure legend, arched and sculptured into a perfect tabernacle wherein is laid up the choicest treasure of the heart with kings and shepherds, angel choirs and lowing kine to signify all that his coming meant to humanity. It lies embedded, as the narrative of

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facts so often does lie, in all the crossing and contradictory statements of it. It is a story of a thing that was known to a scant score of timid and illiterate folk, sojourning in a great city, a thing kept secret on its own account and whispered cautiously from ear to ear in fear of the authorities; finally, when it was some time past, blazoned as a mystery, and committed to writing only after some forty or fifty years. Yet the story preserves the form of veridicity. It begins on the morning of the third day, as soon as it was light, with the women of Galilee stealing forth from Bethany or wherever on Olivet their camp might be, for it is certain that the disciples were not lodged in the city. They came by dew-wet orchard paths beside which, here and there, sprang the little low, green veined flowers called "star of Bethlehem." High over them the temple walls began to take the day upon their gilded pinnacles; they heard the clatter at the gates from the guard changing, and the hordes of market gardeners with their donkeys waiting to be let in. They found the garden, which is close to Golgotha, and then along the limestone outcrop they followed the line of tombs to the one that they had marked. Accounts differ as to why they came, with what purpose to prepare the body for more ceremonious burial, and what happened when they had come; but they agree in this: that they found the tomb empty and the grave cloth lying at one side.

Two of the three went back with this message to the disciples, but Mary Magdalene remained walking and weeping in the garden. And as she walked Jesus spoke to her, but she, thinking it was the gardener, said to him:

"Oh, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Then he called her by her name.

"Mary!"

"Rabboni," she answered instinctively to the familiar tone, and turning she knew him. She would have kissed his feet perhaps, or fingered a fold of his garment to make sure if it were really he or a vision of thin air, but he, sensitive from his wounding, drew back.

"Touch me not," he said; and then, reassuring, "I am not yet ascended to my Father." Then he bade her go and say to the disciples he would meet them in a place they knew of in Galilee, and so departed out of her knowledge.

One hears how Peter and John, when the women brought them word, came running and stooped down and looked into the empty tomb, not knowing what to make of it. And the next we hear is that two of his disciples, but not of the twelve, and therefore not so familiar with his countenance, walked from Jerusalem to their home at Emmaus, and as they walked they talked of the things which had been done at the Passover. And talking thus they were accosted by one who inquired of them what manner of communication they had with one another that they should be so sad. And one of them whose

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name was Cleopas, answered him with an account of all that had happened, speaking of Jesus as a prophet whom the rulers had condemned to be crucified. "But," said Cleopas, "we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

"O fools," said the stranger, "and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" Then he began to show them out of the scriptures how it was necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things, feeling his way like a true Hebrew backed by the law and the prophets, star-lighted sayings that shot like meteors across the shames and humiliations of the crucifixion. As he held up the events of the last few days to the familiar scriptures, new meanings came out in them, like secret writing held before a flame, and as he talked, the hearts of his companions burned within them.

It was twilight when they approached the village and heard the cheerful barking of the dogs and the lowing of the cattle. Then, as they drew near to the house of one of them, the dusk falling and the cry of the night-jar shaken out in a shrill spray of sound above the strips of tillage, they urged him to come in to supper and a bed with them. But as he sat at table he blessed the bread according to a custom which was well known of him, and, putting off the covering from his head, in Hebrew fashion after the blessing, suddenly they knew him. When he perceived that he was known and that they spoke neither to himself nor to one another for astonishment, he rose and slipped away into the dusk.

We hear of him again when the disciples are met together secretly for fear of the authorities, coming unexpectedly into their midst and saying, "Peace be unto you . . ." for they were affrighted, supposing they had seen a spirit. "Behold my hands and my feet . . . ," he said; "handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones." And while they wondered between joy and amazement, he asked them what food they had; and when they had offered him broiled fish and honey in the honeycomb, he ate before them, talking the while as he had to the two at Emmaus of the relation of prophecy to the things which had happened to him and to them at Jerusalem. Twice he met with his disciples in this fashion, and the second time he was handled by Thomas, who, being absent on the first occasion, had declared that, unless he could lay his finger in the print of the nails, he would not believe.

There seems to have been some question in the early records whether these meetings took place at Jerusalem or in Galilee, but as to the two meetings yet to be mentioned there can be no question. To Galilee Jesus would naturally have turned; there he would have been safest from his enemies of the Sanhedrin, and there, in the lonely places of the hills, where his earliest revelations had come to him, he could have awaited the leading of the spirit. For though he could find a warrant for what had happened to him in Scripture, there is no evidence that Jesus had expected this second term of living, or that

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he knew, except as it was the will of God, why it had come to him. It was not, as he seems to have realized from the first, that second coming of the Apocalypse, in which the social order was to be renewed; it was the fulfillment of prophecy, and for whatever else it was he could wait as he had always waited, without impatience, without guessing. That he should have gone about in secret was part of the necessity of the time and occasion, part, too, of his consistent plan to disembarrass his disciples as far as possible from the implication of his presence. Also, simply as he had trusted their love for him, he could hardly at this juncture trust much to their discretion. That he had a refuge in the mountain of which nothing was known to them except that it *was* in the mountain, we have seen, and also that he made plans at times without consulting them; that he should have made his way back to Galilee without their aid is neither new nor strange in his dealing with them; in view of his extraordinary spiritual resources, it presents few material problems.

To Galilee, then, he seems to have gone, and the disciples each to his own house and calling. The next meeting was such as to indicate that Jesus waited his final direction in the hills above the lake of Gennesaret, somewhat removed from its most popular border. On a day some weeks after the events at Jerusalem, Peter and the sons of Zebedee went fishing, and with them in the boat where Thomas and Nathaniel of Cana and two other of the disciples. They went out at even, and all that night they caught nothing, but when it was morning, the fishing smack standing close in toward the shore, they saw Jesus calling to them from the land and directing them where they should cast in the nets. But when they realized it was the Master, Peter threw his fishing coat about him, for he had stripped to the labor of casting, and waded in to the shore. Presently came the others dragging the nets, to discover that the Master had built a fire, and laid fish to broil on the coals and prepared bread. So they ate and talked together as they must have done so many times in the beginning of his ministry, when the shared, simple meal was all they had among them of the Kingdom.

In this fashion the appearances of Jesus after his death are set down, not other than the appearances of his life, except for here and there the legendizing touch. Of his coming and going in secret, mysterious vanishings are made. Mark, who wrote what Peter told him, says simply that he appeared while the disciples were at supper and upbraided them for their unbelief; but John, writing in the second century, says that the door was shut. Mark says that the women at the tomb met a young man there; Matthew makes him an angel, and Luke, writing hearsay only, makes two of him in shining garments. Such a development in forty years for an event which, even when it happened, was regarded as supernatural, is less than might have been expected. And then suddenly, on an occasion which all seem to have recognized as final, the appearances stopped.

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It seems that there had been a preaching somewhere in the hills, and that more than the twelve were present. Paul, twenty years after the event, says that there were about five hundred, others mention simply a great company. After the discourse, when he would have left them, those who were nearest to him in affection went a part of the way, and when he had lifted up his hands and blessed them, they saw him pass from them toward his chosen place of which they knew nothing, except that they should not see him again in this fashion, and they believed that he had ascended into heaven.

So passed the most singular and appealing character in all history. The spring was at the flood, the barley beginning to head, and anemones bright as blood pricked out the paths. None saw him go but a handful of fishermen and villagers; Tiberius he left upon the seat of Rome and the eagles flying over Jerusalem, not a tax remitted or a dream realized, not a word of all his revelation written. Even so he went in the same quiet confidence that had sustained him, more completely at one with the purposes of God than any man who has yet believed in Him, and, as we admit, most completely justified.

Of what took place between Jesus and his disciples on the scant occasions when they were together after his crucifixion, there is not much that appears in the records. Most of it was by way of turning their minds back to the scriptures to find in them confirmation of all that he was and did as the true Messiah. This was important, since it was only by so believing that they were able to induce a world to believe in him. But two things, which do not show particularly in his other teachings, stand out to confirm the reality of his post-crucifixion teaching. The first of these was the command to go into all the world and preach his gospel, *beginning at Jerusalem;* and the second was the assurance that he would not leave them comfortless, but that they were to tarry at Jerusalem until they were imbued of the spirit. Nowhere earlier than this do we find the slightest intimation of what was expected of his disciples after he should leave them. That he had prepared them to spread his gospel is reasonably plain, but there is nothing to show that he expected other than they expected, namely, that the Kingdom should almost immediately appear. He expected to come again after death to effect the reorganization of society on Messianic lines, but there is no evidence that his own reappearance in the frame and fashion in which he had first preached was either anticipated or understood by him. He believed that he had been dead and was alive again. But if the events cloudily foreseen by him before his death had not fallen out as the vision indicated, at no time had he dropped beyond that realization of the immortal purposes of God which distinguished him. If in the last hours of his anguish he had felt himself momentarily bereft of that breast which had nourished him, lo, he had fallen into the lap of God. The currents of Eternal Being still circulated through him. How much he under-

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stood of the relation of his death to the survival of his teaching we can not even guess; we can only know that the informing communion with what, for him, was the Father, was not broken. From it he drew the assurance, all that the occasion called for, that enough of what he had had would be granted to his disciples. They were to wait for it at Jerusalem. . . . "And, lo, I am with you alway." This was the hope and promise that, while it closed around the nursling faith to keep it warm, closed in upon the vital principle of Christianity almost to the point of strangling.

How tender and personal this hope was even at this distance we can measure. It kept them keyed to the expectation of things unspeakable. Every day might be the great day of the Lord! How often they might have looked out on the paths about Bethany, how many times his mother started at a knock on the door . . . for they had seen him in the flesh, and in the same likeness they thought to see him again.

Paul, when he mentions the post-crucifixion appearances of Jesus, says that he appeared also unto Peter. Of this we have no account, though such an interview is plainly indicated. It is indicated in the complete reinstatement of Peter, who denied him, in the confidence of the Master and the respect of the other disciples; it is indicated in the authority which was conceded by the twelve to Peter, even stronger in tradition than in the scripture, where evidence of it is not wanting. More than all else, it is indicated in the stout conviction of Peter himself that he had seen the Lord. He preached it, was scourged and in prison because of it; and he died for it. His faith in the risen Christ made of him—a heavy, blundering, impulsive fisherman—one of the chief apostles, preaching acceptably in the cities of the known world, establishing churches out of hand.

But of this interview Peter says nothing, unless it be indicated in that reference to the manner of his death which, he says, Jesus foretold him. And John Mark, who wrote all that he could remember of what Peter told him, says nothing, or, at least, nothing that has come down to us; for it is agreed that the story of Mark has been cut off at the point where the women, returning from the empty tomb, were afraid to speak of what they had seen. It has been suggested that the true ending of Mark was replaced by a later version, because his account of what Peter told him constituted an admission of the phantasmal character of the appearance, a vision, a hallucination.

But how if it were the other way about, and Mark's story was rejected because it showed all too plainly a man believed to be dead, but found living and as a man disposing his affairs? This would have been the more likely if the young man that the women found at the sepulchre had been the same that Mark noticed as standing by at the arrest of Jesus, and fleeing from the officers, leaving in their hands his linen garment; for tradition makes this young man John Mark

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and no other. The one explanation is as possible as the other; and by the time the book of Mark was written it was not only believed that Jesus rose from the dead, but many other things were believed about him which were no part of his teachings, but were owed to Paul of Tarsus. It was notable that during their lifetime there were several things about which Peter and Paul had the greatest difficulty in coming to agreement. Paul, you may be sure, would have cut off the manuscript of Mark with his own hand if he thought it contradicted in any particular that understanding of the teachings of Jesus, which he claims openly to have received not in the flesh, but in the spirit.

But whatever Peter said and Mark transcribed, there is no question as to what he believed on the first occasion of his preaching Jesus risen from the dead. He believed all that we have seen Jesus do and teach; he believed also that he had seen his Master in the flesh, Himself and not another. He believed that Jesus was the Christ, and that his crucifixion and resurrection could be shown to be part of the authentic prophecy. He believed that the death and raising from the dead had been permitted both as a witness to the Messianic character of Jesus and as an assurance to man of a life beyond this life which should belong to those who believed in him. This was important in view of something else which he had come to believe within the last forty or fifty days, namely, that the Kingdom might be some time deferred, and that many of the disciples, himself among them, should die before it could be inaugurated. But with the certainty that Jesus was a Christ of the dead that died in the Lord, there was an end of all uneasiness.

It is not difficult to realize how important a part this single item of resurrection from the dead played in the acceptance of Christianity, for without it, where indeed would have been the assurance that once the race was run the crown would be forthcoming? The preparation for the Kingdom prescribed by Jesus and his disciples demanded sacrifices and separations. . . . "I came not to send peace, but a sword," said the Master, "to set a man at variance against his father. . . ." Why, then, should they suffer these things if by dying before the great day men should lose their inheritance? It was the assurance that they should not so lose that brought Peter and the others back to Jerusalem, where, they must have known, they would be received in something of the same kind as Jesus had been. They came back secure in the faith that nothing whatever that happened to them could separate them from the love of Jesus. And if it were a vision that had brought them to this pitch, then it were well if mankind would sometime cultivate the faculty of visions.

They came back, then, about a hundred and twenty of them, at the time of Pentecost; more than had actually accompanied Jesus on his first journey in the flesh. They came because they had somehow been convinced that there were to be no more appearances, and that at Jerusalem they were to wait for a baptism of that spirit which was

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in Jesus. For they had said to him on one of the occasions of their being together after the crucifixion: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he had answered them:

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons . . . but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

In pursuance of this parting instruction they had come together, and finding a warrant for it in the book of Psalms—for Jesus had evidently not instructed them on this point—they chose another of their number, one Matthias, to be numbered with the eleven in the place of Judas, as a witness of the resurrection. Thus having done what they could to perfect the form of organization which Jesus initiated, they were all with one accord in one place, praying and waiting. And suddenly, as with the sound of a mighty wind from heaven, the Holy Ghost was upon the company, and like unto a tongue of fire it dwelt upon each of them. Whoever, in whatever cause, has received the illumination of the spirit, will well know that sense of wind and fire with which it confirms its coming. Descending on these plain villagers and fisher folk, it lifted them to the most stupendous spiritual undertaking of all history.

(*To be concluded*)

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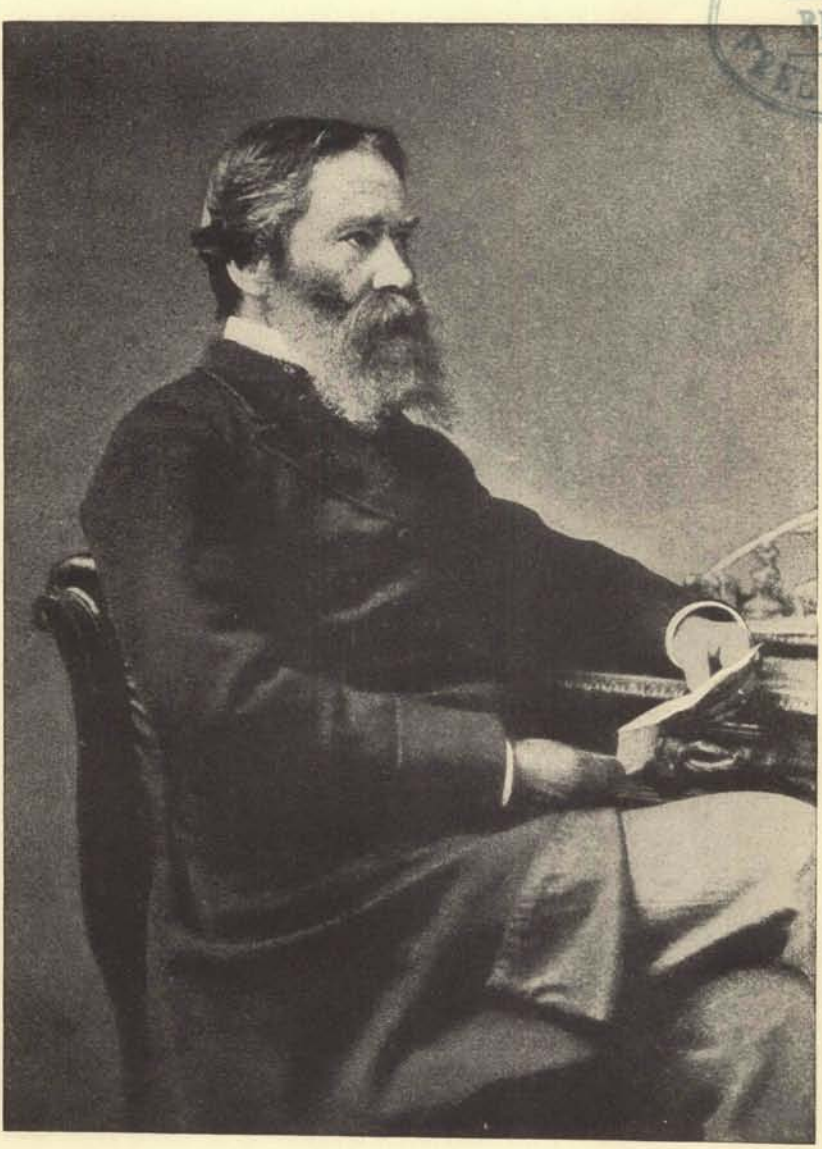

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1864–1872

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